ornia
al

# THE

# MOUNTAIN MUSE.

# THE

# MOUNTAIN MUSE,

*COMPRISING*

## THE ADVENTURES

OF

## *DANIEL BOONE;*

AND

## THE POWER

OF

## VIRTUOUS AND REFINED BEAUTY.

*BY DANIEL BRYAN.*

*OF ROCKINGHAM COUNTY, VIRGINIA.*

HARRISONBURG:

*Printed for the Author:*

BY DAVIDSON & BOURNE.

1813.

District of Virginia to wit;

BE IT REMEMBERED, *That on the eleventh day of September, in the thirty eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America,* DANIEL BRYAN *of the said district, hath deposited in this Office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, to wit:*

"The Mountain Muse: comprising the Adventures of Daniel Boone; and the power of virtuous and refined Beauty. By Daniel Bryan, of Rockingham County, Virginia."

*In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entituled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to an act, entituled, "An act supplementary to an act, entituled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned. And extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."*

WILLIAM MARSHAL,
*Clerk of the District of Virginia.*

PS
1148
B5 M

# PREFACE.

THE world of Man is a mixture of contrarieties. The source of his sweetest enjoyments is often the fountain of his bitterest anguish. Like the drops of the weeping cloud, illumed with the momentary bursts of radience which gleam from the sun, as he breaks thro' his floating veil; the *tears* of woe and melancholy often sparkle in the *smiles* of the *same* countenance. Those avocations and amusements which grasp the energies, absorb the reflections, animate the Fancy, and electrify with vivid raptures and inextinguishable fascination, the spirits of *one man*, awaken no extacy, no pleasure in the bosom, but excite the contempt, or kindle the hatred of *another*. Perhaps this unition of extremes in the same person, and incongruity of dispositions in different persons, are not any where so strikingly evinced, as among the votaries of the poetic Muse, and between them and the insensate drudges of avaricious cupidity. What pictures of



186330

mingled light and gloom we behold delineated by the pencil of D' Israeli! The mere enumeration of their names would fill a page. Let the case of Collins exemplify the fact of the most exquisite happiness and misery flowing from the same source. His heart was alive to every delicate preception of joy or sorrow. Its chords responded to every vibration of the Muse's Lyre. In the days of his juvenility, they were constantly thrill'd with the delicious breathings of Hope. In those of his maturity, they trembled between the alternate touches of transport and despondency. But, in the dark period of his premature decline, they were tortured with the agonizing shrieks of phrenzy, and the sullen moans of Despair; until they bled and broke! Yet even in the moments of his keenest sufferings, his delirious Muse could throw spells of wild delight across his frantic mind. For even then her song was sweetest melody; and her influence, as it had been through all his life, irresistable! The more he endeavor'd to fly from her, the closer she pursued him, and the more deeply he became enamor'd with

the magic of her strains. Thus too, it happens, with those who are less gifted with the divinity of Genius than was the seraphic Collins. The Author of the feeble effusions which compose this Volume, without presuming to intimate, or daring to believe that he possesses a spark of that Miltonic fire which burns in the pages of loftiest Verse, is compel'd to say, that he has experienced the counter operations of that diversity of emotion, which is so characteristic of those who worship at the shrine of the Muses. He has reveled on the pleasures of an employment, which, while it was too alluring for him to resist, was, he seriously apprehended, and still fears, disseminating for him the seeds of a Harvest of Penury and Melancholy. Why, it has been frequently ask'd him, does he continue to disregard these salutary premonitions of his deliberate judgment? As well might it be ask'd, why does the heedless Candle-Fly, which has already scorch'd its wings in the flame, still flutter around it until it perishes? The Author found himself sliding into the delusive regions of Fancy, and had neither

that a person in his circumstances should suspend his preparations for a profitable profession, to engage in the proverbially unfruitful employment of the Muse.

When he was first prevailed upon to add his name to the list of Literary Adventurers, it was his intention to form a Volume from the miscellaneous scraps of his juvenile Rhyming; with the addition of a piece upon each of the subjects mentioned in his proposals. But after commencing "Boone's Adventures," he soon found that it would be impossible to do any thing like justice to that subject without giving to it a much greater extension than was at first contemplated. Upon *this* course therefore, in consonance with the suggestions of his own judgment, and the persuasions of his friends, he determined. He thought it most advisable too, to interweave with the History of Boone the narrative of the "Allegany Robbers and Lost Maid." From the extent therefore, to which these subjects have been amplified, it has become necessary to omit the insertion of all the others of minor magnitude, except that with which the Volume concludes.

As to the organization and style of these poems, the Author has nothing to observe. Their merit must be tested in the crucible of discriminative Taste and cultivated Intellect. To the decisions of these, and *these only*, he will bow with submissive deference.

To those persons, who have kindly contributed their exertions to promote the diffusion and prosperity of his humble productions, he cannot refuse himself the pleasure, of here tendering the ardent homage of a sincerely grateful heart. Nor can he conclude without indulging himself in the happiness of declaring, that he views in the generous smiles of their encouragement in his own case, that laudable spirit of national emulation, and that zeal for the expansion of literary glory in this prosperous Republic, which, from the amplitude of their operations, must embrace, cherish and invigorate, all the branches that bloom on the flourishing Stock of American Science.

HARRISONBURG,
*November 4th*, 1813.

## ARGUMENT.

*IMMEDIATELY subsequent to the transformation of Chaos into order, and previous to the creation of light, the Angels who superintend terrestrial affairs assume their stations;* 1 *to* 47. *Tempests, Tornados, Conflagrations, Earthquakes, Pestilence, War and Revolutions, flow from their invisible agency;* 48 *to* 74. *Newton, Herschel, Locke, and Reid were illumined by their infusions;* 76 *to* 93. *Devotion is enkindled, and Infidelity intimidated by their inspiration;* 94 *to* 114. *Statesmen are embued with patriotism, and Mariners with intrepidity by the interposition of the celestial Hosts, to whom the general direction of sublunary events is committed;* 115 *to* 155. *Satanic delusion is more potent than Angelic instructions, in consequence of human Depravity;* 156 *to* 185. *Upon important events the Guardian Spirits hold solemn consultations;* 186 *to* 192. *A* FIRMAMENTAL HALL *erected on the summit of Allegany;* 193 *to* 287. *The Seraphs assemble, and commence their deliberations with prayer;* 288 *to* 304. TRUTH *addresses them;* 305 *to* 409. HUMANITY *declares his opinions;* 421 *to* 516. ZEAL *speaks;* 527 *to* 792. ENTERPRISE *proposes to delegate* DANIEL BOONE *for the exploration and settlement of Kentucky;* 796 *to* 893—*Of which the Council unanimously approve, and commend him to that Seraph's* PROTECTION; 894 *to* 900. *Having resounded the praise of God;* 901 *to* 909—RELIGION *implores the divine blessing;* 910 *to*925. *The Assembly is dissolved, and the Seraphs return to their appointed spheres.*

# THE

# ADVENTURES

OF

# *DANIEL BOONE.*

## BOOK. I.

WHEN first their dark and yet untravel'd rounds
Through the inane expanse of pristine Night,
The planetary conglobations roll'd;
Before the GREAT ETERNAL'S sacred eye,
Upon the gloom of the sidereal orbs,
Their pure-beam'd, time-enduring splendors flash'd;
Ere on Attraction's mystic centre pois'd
By the Almighty's sun creating hand,
The blazing ball that lights our solar sphere,
From the ecliptic-zone his radiance pour'd;
When from their chrystal palaces in Heaven's
Unmeasur'd heights of bright and cloudless day,
Th' Angelic Spirits view'd Creation's God,
Along th'unresisting void of space,
In numberless succession, rolling worlds;
From their celestial ranks they bade descend,

To rule the vast machinery of the globes,
Supernal hosts with holy power endued.
With joy, obedient to the kind behest;
In robes of interwoven light array'd,
The delegated phalanx, darting through
The rayless deeps of uncreated Night
A keen pervasive glance, their snow-white vans
Outspread; and from th'empyreal battlement's
Gold-spangled summits, down th'untravers'd void
T'assume their stations on the new made spheres
Descended, wide diverging as they sail'd.
So on tenebrious midnight's welkin glooms,
Disparting balls electrical explode
Their streaming splendors; and the moonless Heavens
With bright but evanescent paths illume.

In numerous points of the expansive bounds
Through which conglobate matter rolls, their posts
The Seraph Guardians take: their several tasks
As multifarious, as remote the climes
They occupy. To some it is assign'd,
From headlong violence with care to guard
The bold career of flying worlds; to curb
Th'impetuous speed of wild Projection's flight,
And Gravitation's centripetal force
Restrain; these powers conjoin'd to harmonize,
And through th'elliptic orbits make them wheel
The circumvolving spheres. To *some*, the Winds,
And Seas, and Elements, embowel'd deep

In Earth's dark-winding caves, 'tis given to rule.
They are the Agents of th' *Almighty's* wrath,
And they on man *His* benedictions shed.
When Ocean's tides in foaming conflicts roar,
And from their massy-heaving billows dash
The crashing Ships, and guzzling whirlpools whelm
The shatter'd wrecks—When swift Tornados sweep
The suffering land, demolish loftiest domes,
And from their heights the roaring forests hurl—
When Flames, from house to house, from street to street,
Infuriate, wasteful ! spread their blazing wings,
And into ashes sink a Kingdom's pride—
When from their burning bases, mountains burst,
And dreadful Earthquakes tear the yawning globe—
When Pestilence his miasmatic breath
Diffuses o'er the land, and on the lungs
Of pallid millions putrefaction pours—
When these tremendous scenes on nature's stage
Our God displays ; 'tis through the agency
Of those seraphic Guardians of the world.
But not to matter only is confin'd
Their superintending care and awful sway.
As ministers of God's mysterious laws,
They fan the patriot passions into flame ;
Bid *War* his gorgon crest erect, and roll
His gory Chariots o'er th' *ensanguin'd fields* ;
Bid Monarchs die, and tottering Kingdoms fall ;
On Revolutions, Revolutions rise ;

And conquering Freedom build on crumbling bones
Of slaughter'd Tyranny, her hallow'd fanes!
Th' unexplor'd recess of Nature's deeps
They bid th' adventurous sons of science sound;
Her darksome seas, her mazes wild, disclose,
Where scarce the sun's refracted beams e'er pierc'd,
Or fervid Fancy's eagle vision glanc'd.
On glorious Newton's science-scaling soul,
They pour'd the flame of Astronomic zeal;
And bound to Herschel's telescopic mind
That wing of sunbeam-speed, and Angel-strength;
Which bore it like a comet through the Heavens,
To where nine hundred million miles beyond
Cold Saturn's orb, the Georgium-Sidus rolls!
To Locke and Reid they gave th' ingenious skill
T' unfold the labyrinthian web of mind;
To teach us how the variegated weft
In *different* parts, *peculiar* tints assumes;
How light runs into shade, and shade to light,
Untill in mingled hues, the changeful whole
A beauteous intellectual landscape forms.
With sacred ardor, *they*, those minds endue,
Whose fame for piety and wisdom, shed
Unfading glory on the favor'd age
In which they live. They kindle on the tongues
Of God's devout Ambassadors the flames
Of melting eloquence; with tender zeal
Their hearts inspire; with kind persuasion fill

Their placid eyes ; and with seraphic grace
Their fervid action clothe ; untill portray'd
In prospect bright, on every feeling mind,
The bliss of Heaven enraptures and sublimes.
And if obdurate INFIDELITY
His flinty ramparts round the heart should raise,
And bar the soft emotions out; empower'd
By their inspiring Guardians' potent aid,
In pure and dread solemnity enshrin'd;
The sinner-shaking bolt of Gospel law,
Truth-aim'd against th'opposing walls, they hurl ;
'Till down the rotten-pillar'd masses sink
And ope the avenues, to where expos'd
On Hell's black verge, the cold affections sleep !
The ardent *Statesman's* breast with patriot love
Those sacred Spirits swell ; his toil intense
Assist; while he with sleepless eye explores
Politic tomes of elder years, and turns
Attentive o'er the crumbling page of time ;
While he in midnight silence meditates
On Empires buried in the grave of years ;
How they from sickly infancy arose
To proud Colossal strength : and how they thence
Descended down Destruction's dangerous steeps,
Till prematurely sunk in Ruin's gulphs
They rise no more—what *causes* gave their day
Of prosperous grandeur, spread their features o'er
With Freedom, Gladness, Health and virtuous Smiles;

Or *what* their sunny brightness overcast
With baneful blackness, the foundations min'd
Which prop'd their fame—what canker'd all their hopes,
And tumbled their proud Monuments in dust.
The daring Mariner's intrepid soul
With the bold zeal of glorious Enterprise
And venturous Emulation, they inflame:
Through freezing seas his frightful passage steer,
Direct him how the icy shoals t'escape,
And where to find the long-sought savage shore.
They bid him fearless, tread the desert wild,
And undismay'd, its tawny tenants meet;
Their blood-fed fierceness gently turn aside,
And by familiar smiles their kindness win.
As man, refin'd adventurous man appears,
They bid the cheerless forest-glooms disperse,
And o'er the wastes the polish'd Arts extend.
The life-exterminating Beasts are slain,
The merciless arm of savage rage is bound
In Law's corrective pale, and Pain, and Blood,
And Plunder cease.

Thus from Creation's hour,
In every province of our planet Earth—
Throughout the mighty bounds of *Universe*,
In all the various spheres which appertain
To matter and to mind, Angelic power
Has exercis'd a superintending rule.
But since from Hell the poisonous breath of Sin

First tainted an apostatizing world
Th' infernal Foe of man's felicity
Has ever envious opposition made
To all that purpos'd good to him on *earth*,
Or in his future life—has station'd thick
Through every province of the peopled globe,
His Hell-train'd swarms of evil-working fiends,
Who keep uninterrupted watch for means
To counteract the power of Angel-zeal
On man: who hold or turn in Satan's paths
His blundering steps, and mail in horrid scales
His clouded eyes; oft too deriving aid
From man's own will, their hellish schemes succeed:
And they the conflict oft long-while maintain
E'en when defeat at length their efforts ends.
For man in cases which affect his doom
When brought before the Great Eternal Judge,
Th' advice which Angel intimations give
Has always power to follow or reject.
In clogging with embarrassments the plans
Which Man's seraphic Monitors devise
T'effect his melioration, Hell's grim King
And goblin minions feel malignant joy.
But notwithstanding all the stygian realm
Disgorge on Earth its legions, to oppose
The Guardian Seraphs; yet when not withstood
By man's own will, in matters which pertain
To his immortal state, the *sacred hosts*

The prize of glorious victory always win.
When subjects of momentous weight arise,
When *great* occasions claim their righteous aid,
And vast extensive interests are involv'd;
Those superintending Spirits then are wont
In great and solemn council to convene,
And consultation hold on all the points
Which to the grand concernment appertain.
'Twas thus the immortal Spirits who preside
O'er the vast regions of the WESTERN WILD,
In grand assemblage met; when call'd to weigh
Th' important interests which its cause involv'd.
When nought but Beasts and bloody Indians dwelt
Throughout the mighty waste, and Cruelty
And Death and Superstition triple-leagued,
Held *there* their horrid reign, and impious sway;
The Guardian Seraphs of benign REFORM
With keen prophetic glance the worth beheld
Of the immense expanse, its future fame,
Its ponderous moment in the golden scales
Of Freedom, Science, and Religious Truth,
When by Refinement's civilizing hand
Its roughnesses should all be smooth'd away.
With zeal the animating prospect fir'd
The glowing Guardians, fill'd with views sublime
Their lofty minds, their enterprising powers awak'd,
And urged them to this laudable resolve—
That o'er Columbia's Western Wilderness,

Politic Wisdom should her reign extend
And Emigration pour her splendid swarms.
With ease, their glorious purpose to achieve,
And spare excessive waste of human blood;
Those sacred friends of Culture's spreading power
And humanizing energy, announced
To all the station'd Seraphs who preside
O'er the benighted WEST, their high design;
And summons gave them quickly to convene
In their aerial Courts. Meanwhile command
Was given th' *ethereal Guardians* to prepare,
High o'er the Alleganean Mountain-Heights,
For the Divan, a FIRMAMENTAL HALL.
Anon, obedient to the high behest,
The mighty Spirit of the welkin deeps
Bade convoluted winds, with furious flight
And curvilinear sweep, encompass all
The Atmospheric bounds; and dash and roll
To the appointed place of Rendezvous,
With all their fulminating Magazines,
Th' encircled Regiments of mingled clouds!
The gloomy Vast, impetuous howlings pierce;
The Northern Gates, tempestuous Whirlwinds burst;
And Mountain-Caverns wide-expanded, vent
Their hissing blasts. Against impinging clouds,
With driving strength, th' encircling Tempests rush
And from their boundary's wide circumference roll
Converging, the dark billowy-mixing mass,

From cloud to cloud, in blazing torrents stream
Th' awaken'd fires electric : flashing flames
In forky grandeur, with ethereal light,
Projected peaks of rolling vapour crown ;
And all the nubilous involutions paint
With intermitting Lightning's vivid tints :
While glancing scintillations spangle thick
With dancing lustre all the clouded gloom ;
And Angry Meteors, flaming as thy fly,
With burning paths their ragged way emblaze.
From ridge to ridge of the big Mountain-Mass,
Dark sullen Thunders by the conflicts wak'd,
Their sky-convulsing detonations pour.
Their destin'd point, th'embattled volumes reach ;
And rest. The grand, the wonderous Edifice,
The great th'ethereal Architect begins.
Wide over Allegany's summit spread,
Of close impacted, squared and polish'd clouds
Constructed, the extended *base* appears ;
And of the same compressed material form'd,
Octagonal the burnish'd walls ascend,
Sublimely towering through the midway skies !
Broad sheets of lightning constitute the roof,
Whose flashing splendors flood with day the Heavens,
When Night spreads o'er the sun her darkling wings.
Reflected from the Fabric's upright squares,
Prismatic tinctures paint the fragment-clouds,
Which float unused in widening fleeces round.

Its myriad windows and its thousand gates
Were all of pure translucent ether wrought,
And all with bright festoons superbly hung
Of pansied clouds, and wreathed lightnings made.
Both North and South of the magnific dome,
In grand Corinthian style and towering state,
On Meteor-Pillars rear'd, refulgent shone
Its roomy porticos. Innumerous seats,
Of downy clouds composed, and white and soft
As Cygnet plumes, in graceful circles ranged;
Around th'interior of the shining hall,
All ready for the Angel host appear'd.
A canopy of Rainbows intertwined
In spiral union, forming in the whole,
A beauteous arch of intermingled hues
As rich as Fancy's pencil can portray;
And variegated as the tints of light
In all their gayly blended forms can be,
High o'er each line of dazzling sofas bends.
The glorious edifice in all its parts
Consummate, the seraphic Guardians lift
Their snow-white pinions on the cloudless air,
And reach the gorgeous gates. In robes attired
Of purple ether, the Majestic Spirit
Of clouds and storms, with Angel courtesy
Th'enraptured Host address'd, and mildly ask'd
From their united souls a prayer devout,
"That Heaven's benedictions might descend,

And consecrate the new-erected Fane."
The courtesy with sweet benignant grace
They all return'd, and humbly breathed to God
Their pious supplication. This perform'd,
In majesty sublime, with sacred air
And lofty mien, the solemn-musing host
Ingression made, and as they advanced, assumed
Their plume-soft seats. Awhile, in silence deep
They sat till TRUTH's complacent Angel rose,
And in perspicuous style, at large disclosed,
The causes multifarious, which conspired
T'enlist with animated zeal their powers
In prosecution of the glorious end,
For which they were in solemn synod call'd.
The pure-eyed Seraph thus his feelings spake—
"Immortal Guardians of this Western World!
Your wisdom now a mighty theme demands!
Let all the beams of bright Divinity,
Which to your minds illumination gives,
And sanctifies your pure and spotless hearts,
Now on your mental vision clearly shine;
Till its keen glances every point explore
Of the immense concern that brings us here.
The Almighty's glory and his creature's weal,
Which moved his holy power this well-plan'd globe,
And all *that is* to form, have ne'er attain'd
In the uncultured regions of the West
The splendid elevation HE design'd.

In various other provinces of Earth,
Where less prolific means of life and health
Exist—Where sterile soil, and freezing winds
Against the industry of man contend,
And starve, and choak kind Nature's friendliest growth;
Where states ambitious, hostile, feast on War,
And stain with blood the snowy Crest of peace;
E'en *there*, Refinement's pleasure-dealing hand,
The bliss which fits the soul for tasting Heaven,
And gives existence all its honied zest,
Hath scatter'd wide and copiously around—
E'en *there*, a thousand consecrated Fanes,
To glorify our God, in grandeur rise.
Why then should mild, and more congenial climes,
Where the maternal hand of Nature rears
Salubrious plenty from her fruitful soil,
Diffusing through the aromatic air,
The pleasant fragrance of mellifluous blooms;
Where softest Music pours perennial songs,
And summer-cooling Rivers roll their *floods*,
Inviting Population to their banks,
And cheering Commerce to their crystal waves;
O! why should climes distinguish'd thus by Heaven,
Th' *appropriate* residence of cultured life
In dark barbarian glooms continue wrap'd,
Th' abode of prowling Savages and Beasts
Blood-hungering fierce? No portion of this Earth
To nurture Hell's infernal grisly brood,

Was by its holy Maker e'er design'd;
Or to remain a dark and frightful waste,
When wisely furnish'd for the residence
Of rational, humane and polish'd Man.
For He the righteous Author of the World
Design'd, that *we*, as Guardians of his work,
And Agents of his holy will; that *We*,
Should open in the regions of the West
A sanctuary from the foes of Vice,
Who from Oppression, Cruelty, and Wrong,
And all the ills of European climes,
Have fled, a refuge here to find, beneath
Th' Angelic wings of Liberty and Peace.
The sacred duty thus to us assign'd,
We only have as yet in part perform'd.
Wide stretching from the Alleganean Mount
Far *westward* and towards *north* and *south*, vast bounds
Of rich and beauteous country unreclaim'd
From dreary wildness, ask our culturing aid.
God's wisdom and munificence declare,
'Tis not his will, that those luxuriant climes
Should be monopolized by scatter'd hordes
Of rude predaceous men, who feed on blood,
And all their days through dismal darkness grope;
While crouded into unproductive nooks,
In other regions, polish'd millions starve.
Lo! how already, from th' Atlantic deeps
To where this Mountain lifts its clouded brow,

Our influence, has th'effulgent floods diffused,
Of Revelation's everlasting light;
Dispersing superstition's sombre shades,
And settling science on her splendid seat,
Serenely bright, seraphic, and sublime!
How have we clothed a wilderness with smiles,
And made the gloomy heaths and deserts bloom!
How to the exiles of a tyrant land,
A home, and all the joys of life we've given!
Erecting in this new-discover'd World,
A bless'd Asylum for sweet Liberty,
And for each sacred Virtue that adorns
The Patriot's and the Christian's hallow'd lives.
But *westward* of these mighty mountain piles,
Th' illuminating blaze of Gospel day,
Our civilizing influence ne'er has spread.
Now is th' auspicious time for us to plant
Our beaming banner firmly in those wilds.
For now, the East with population teems,
And gallant thousands would our call attend.
For now the tide of Emigration rolls,
The sons of Europe to Columbia's shores,
And swarms are sighing for a land to call
Their own. O! then, immortal seraphs muse!
Profoundly muse, on the momentous theme,
And your impressions give; that all the light
Of our united minds may clearly shew,
In prosecution of the high design,

The best, the wisest course, for us to take."
Thus spake the Angel of celestial Truth.
Humanity's bright seraph next,
With sweetly melting grace, divinely rose.
As innocently meek as Infancy,
When mildly slumbering in an Angel's arms,
His lovely features were; a tender smile
With holy grandeur mingled, o'er them beam'd;
And in his eye the tear of *feeling* shone.
From underneath his snowy mantle, forth
His beauteous hand he waved; and from his lips
In mild seraphic melody, effused
Th' ensuing strain. "Ye venerated hosts!
Our great compeer with transport have I heard,
And much his weighty counsel do approve.
So comprehensive was his *general* view,
That *our* peculiar interests; if we may
Peculiar call, what are so intertwined;
His kind benevolent feelings to engage,
Seem'd little less, if less, than did his *own.*
In every fibre of my throbbing heart,
His every word a lively echo found.
O yes! companions in the joys of bliss!
We will refine, exalt, and humanize
Th' uncivilized Barbarians of the West.
The bloody-minded Wretch who now can see,
Without a single pitying sigh or tear,
Beneath the ruthless hatchet's dreadful edge,

An inoffensive Infant bleed and die ;
Can hear unmoved the Captive Mother plead,
That her sweet, darling innocent may live ;
Can, when the writhing of her Babe has ceased,
And death its little eyes in night hath seal'd ;
The fainting Mother to a doom devote
Still more ferocious ! More infernal still !
The task, the Godlike task be ours, that wretch
In bright Refinement's golden crucible
To melt, to decompose and sublimate !
Untill to pity's thrilling touch alive,
He thinks, he acts, and feels, as social MAN !
How comfortless ! with misery how replete,
Th' unenlighten'd Indian's barbarous life !
Their golden billows o'er the smiling plain,
For him, no plenty-yielding Harvests wave ;
For him, in fields no flocks domestic range ;
For him, no fruitage-purpled gardens blush;
Nor ripen'd Orchards on the dewy grass
Their mellow burdens drop, emitting wide
A honied fragrance on the fluttering gales.
For him, no rich and flavorous viands crown,
Nor mirth-inspiring Wines, the social feast ;
No ornamented dome for him unfolds
Its sculptured doors—No decent cottage screens,
From the bleak winter blasts, his thin-clad limbs ;
Nor easy couch e'er rests his aching frame.
But penury, and cold, and weariness

Are the attendants of his joyless life.
The forest Herbage and the Mountain Beasts,
Through wind, and rain, and snow, with danger sought,
His meagre store of doubtful food supply.
Half-starved, and shivering, through the driving blasts,
Successless oft, the CATERER returns,
To where beneath his smoking hut of bark,
His pining wife, and naked babes, he left;
And finds them butcher'd by a neighbouring foe,
Or torn, and slaughter'd by blood-drinking Beasts!
It much behoves us then, August Compeers!
Among the wild barbarians of the West,
The humanizing Arts to introduce;
To bid industrious Agriculture pour
His cheering comforts through their needy tribes,
And bury Carnage, Penury, and Woe,
Beneath the bosom of the furrow'd soil.
But oh! how delicate the glorious task!
How hard t' achieve without the waste of blood
Short-sighted, blind to all that can adorn,
Exalt, illume, and dignify their lives,
The WHITES, the jealous Indians view as foes,
Who purpose their extinction from the globe.
With *means* so badly suited to the end,
'Tis not within the compass of our power,
So great a work t'effect, without the loss
Of many lives, unless an agency
We interpose, so *palpably divine*

As to transcend the boundaries of our sphere,
And overwhelm with *Miracles* the mind
Of dim-eyed man. But still our *rightful* power
Embraces such extent of various means,
For the performance of our righteous plans,
That much the interests of *my special* cause
Depends on the selection of a course,
Through which our great design must be achieved:
That course, though tardiest, and of pomp devoid,
Whose progress, least sanguineous traces stain,
And slightest vestiges of suffering mark,
Is doubtlessly the one we should prefer.
But other spirits here there are, who best
Can designate the peaceful plan we wish—
Who understanding best the savage heart,
Its passions, dispositions, whims, and views,
Know best the means its confidence to win.
Yes, sacred Guardians of the *desert West!*
From you we claim the necessary light
Our weighty subject needs. Thus much we've said,
That you the cause might clearly comprehend
Of this our great and sacred convocation:
We now th' expression of your holy views,
In silence wait."—A musing pause ensued;
Till on a signal given by his colleagues,
To whom, with him, peculiarly pertains
The governance of those expansive wilds,
The holy Spirit of Superintending Zeal,

And Delegated Trust, whose labors were
Within no *special* province circumscribed;
But an auxiliary aid to all
The Western Peers imparted, and for them
The cares of Embassy sustain'd, arose,
And thus with glowing animation spake.
"On the abundant energizing zeal,
In this sublime concern so promptly shewn;
With warm congratulations from the heart,
This reverend convocation I salute.
At length, immortal peers! th' eventful voyage
Of sailing Time has brought us to a sea,
On whose wide breast ten thousand scenes appear,
In prospect changeful, as in number great.
Here fruitful islets, gay in flowery robes,
Perfume the gales and cheer the gazing eye.
There frowning rocks high heave their gloomy heads
And cast, their shady horrors wide around.
Here, soft-wing'd breezes kiss the slumbering waves
And gently fan the brilliant flame of joy,
Keeping alive the spark in Hope's bright eye.
There, death-jaw'd Tempests howl for prey,
And lash with league-long wings the tumbling deeps.
But when we reach this sea's magnific shore,
Bright glory's richest treasures wait us there:
And though we meet obstructions on the way,
Our God, th' unerring pilot of the just,
Will guide us safely through each threatening pass.

At length, Angelic colleagues! dawns the day,
Which will with due reward our labors crown:
The day when all th' innumerous treasur'd stores
By us prepared in our immense domain,
Will yield their splendors to exulting Man,
And magnify the glory of our King,
By nurturing millions in our fertile Wilds,
His name to celebrate, and courts to croud.
E'er since, at God's behest this massy Orb,
Its annual rounds commenced; our powers divine
Have sway'd unconquer'd, though by Hell's black fiends
Oft times opposed, that vast unpeopled land;
And from successive dangers with our shields
Angelic, guarded all the wide expanse.
Remember, Peers! th'exertion of our might,
We erst bestow'd to save that vast domain,
When God's almighty vengeance glow'd from Heaven
Down through this sinful globe, and fast exhaled
Her boiling waters from their foaming gulphs,
Their rumbling reservoirs, and roaring seas,
And fill'd with floods the frowning firmament;
Untill from bursting and o'er-burden'd clouds,
Throughout the lapse of "forty days and nights,"
O'erwhelming deep and wide the drowning globe,
Profuse the congregated Oceans gush'd.
Remember, Peers! how then our posts we kept,
By all the watery terrors undismay'd:
And scenes like those, so woe-fraught, vast, and dread,

In times before, or since, have ne'er transpired.
Seraphic language can't portray, nor mind,
Unless it saw, conceive the prospect, *we*
On that occasion view'd; the terrors, which,
To guard from Wreck our realm, we then withstood.
We saw and heard the tumbling torrents roll
With roaring rage, o'er crags, and rocks, and steeps,
Of thundering mountains, and of *trembling* hills;
And thence swift down the winding dells descend,
Till on the deluged plains their Oceans pour'd;
In dreadful desolation, burying deep
Creation's millions! Man, and Beast, and Fowl;
All save the favor'd remnant in the Ark:
While cities, domes, and fanes, the wealth and pride
Of haughty princedom's, swell'd the groaning wreck,
Athwart the turbid deeps outstretch'd, immense!
The sturdy Giants we beheld roll back
With strong nerved arms, the darkly tumbling waves,
Till with fatigue o'erpower'd, in mad despair,
They grasp'd convulsively the floating drifts,
Whence soon by strongly driving torrents swept,
Amid the gulphs vertiginous they sunk:
Still hugely heaving through the swallowing tide,
Till from their spouting nostrils gush'd their lives.
His raven-color'd flag, full-feasted Death
Spread on the frothy flood and grin'd with joy,
To see on every surge his trophies float.
In that unequal'd hour of his dread reign,

What horrors hover'd o'er the woeful wreck,
Around the Heavens, a dismal darkness frown'd:
No glance of light the dreary gloom could pierce,
Save what the rushing meteor swiftly shot;
Disclosing thickly through the murky glare,
Ten thousand grisly ghosts, and on the waves
As many froth-white corses, ghastly, wan!
We saw the swelling floods, like battling hosts
In foaming vengeance, roll their adverse tides,
And meet, and break, and roar. Still higher rose,
And higher still, the counter-torrents; dark,
Stupendous, raging, desolating, wild!
Amid the watery wars, VOLCANOS burst;
And through the deeps, their hissing lavas belch'd.
Tremendous thunders shook the shud'ring world;
Wide-circling whirlpools stretch'd their gulphy jaws.
The hills were swept away! the mountains torn
Aside, and tumbled through the rolling Vast!
While black, DAMNATION'S legions scream'd with joy!
'Twas then immortal Spirits! our *powers* were *tried*.
Amid commotions, horrors, groans, and death,
Our souls were stay'd! No fears our valor chill'd!
The crashing wrecks we brav'd, and bore aloof
From our domain, the desolating DRIFTS
Of broken mountains, hills, and rough-edg'd rocks;
Which driven in ridgy masses, rudely tore,
And furrow'd up with ruinous force, the LAND,
So steep'd, and yielding then, wheree'er they roll'd!



186330

And as the waning inundation sunk
We still our powers preservative employ'd:
Our soil from the accumulated PILES,
Outweighing then the weakning waves, to guard.
That time from threat'ning injury thus secur'd
Our beauteous realms; through all vicissitudes
Of changing elements, they still have been
Our unneglected charge, our constant care.
When from the gen'ral surface of the globe
The deep o'erwhelming DELUGE disappeared;
To qualify for future use, t'enrich
And beautify the land, we spread a Lake,
Expansive, pure, throughout a wide extent
Of the delightful west, and rear'd of rock
A mound, to bar its access to the main
Southwestward; long within its meted bounds,
With principles of fertilizing power
Replete, the beauteous *inland sea* remain'd,
Discharging through the channels of the north
Its *superabounding* floods. Its end attain'd,
We bade explosive matter form a train,
And through the mountain-ledge a passage burst.
With rapid flow, to Mexico's great gulph,
The unsustain'd, immense of water gushed!
And left the bosom of th'enriched expanse
T'enjoy the temp'rings of a genial sun.
To those high-favor'd regions, to impart
Still prouder charms, salubrity, and wealth,

And give them commerce with th'enlightened world;
We bade from distant mountains, rivers rise,
And roll their currents through the mellow'd plains;
Meanwhile, wide o'er its surface Vegetation sprang,
And trees in shady pride majestic grew;
Around whose virent branches, thickly twined
Luxuriant vines. Large-grown, gay-tinted flowers,
The groves with intermingled beauties cloth'd;
And sprinkled odorous sweets on every gale.
The tender melody of feather'd love,
Its animation spread. With raptur'd life,
Each spray was bending. Each successive season,
Successive beauties brought. E'en Winter's reign,
Though Vegetation fell beneath his frown,
With more fertility the soil endued.

*Thus*, holy guardians! had our care prepar'd,
Long ere his foot had press'd this western world,
In it for man, a rich and charming home.
And yet than bloody beasts and savages,
No other habitants can there be found.

E'er since from Asiatic climes arriv'd
The tawny legions, still our guardian zeal,
With unremitting fervency has glow'd.
How oft when elemental conflicts roar'd
Within our beauteous country's blooming bounds,
And threatened with convulsions to destroy
Its elegance, and worth, have we restrain'd
Their devastating rage, and laid asleep

The jarring ferment. Recollect, O Peers!
That awful day, the slaughter'd Mammoth fell!
Against *satanic* spirits then was roll'd,
The thunders of our wrath. What powers of soul!
What energy of nerve! was then requir'd
To slay the ravening tyrants of the West!
The dreadful monarchs of the trembling beasts!
And vanquish *their* infernal aids from Hell!
Yet this we did, seraphic peers, and more!
But why our guardian feats enumerate,
Since every eye in this divan, declares,
Divine determination to pursue
The glorious object which conven'd us here.
It would, with angel wisdom ill accord,
Such zealous vigilance to exercise;
And such illustrious labors to perform;
Without a consummation Of the views
Which gave them origin. 'Tis Folly's part
To toil, and not enjoy. To clear the soil,
And leave it, t'expend with pains his time, and wealth
In building mansions for the vagrant winds.
What next demands attention is the *means*
By which our object best can be achiev'd.
And here the Seraph who address'd you last,
Has kindly yielded preference to us,
*Colleagues divine!* as understanding best
The savage heart, and therefore best prepar'd,
To say what course is likeliest to ensure

Our cause success. The means which I propose,
As best adapted to the great design,
Is some adventurous woodsman to select;
And secretly his soul inspire to choose
A band of daring comrades, to explore
In hunting guise, our wide unsettled realm;
That while unwak'd the savage jealousies
Remain; such general knowledge may be gain'd
Of that delightful land, as will invite
Columbia's enterprising heroes there.
But let the chief on whom our choice alights,
Be one, in whose expanded breast are found,
The great, ennobling virtues of the soul;
Benevolence, Mercy, Meekness, Pity, Love,
Benignant Justice, Valor lion-like,
And Fortitude, with stoic *nerves* endow'd.
And those with whom his fortune is combin'd,
Let *them* be great and virtuous like himself.
For if unable to dispose the hearts
Of the fierce sanguinary savages
To friendship with the whites—with these to share
The uncultivated regions of the west;
Adventurers thus humane, from vice thus free,
At least would not by cruelty, and crimes,
Awaken all the flames of Indian ire;
Nor purposely do aught we could condemn.
Since Heaven on us the power has not bestow'd,
Elsewise than through a *medium* to achieve
So great a work, such let that medium be,

As best with God's own sacred will accords!
If for the task were delegated first,
Without a *guide*, or previous knowledge given,
A jumbled multitude, discord, and blood,
Distress, and final failure would attend
The enterprise; unless by miracles
A supernatural power were interpos'd.
In prosecution of the *safest* course,
We still an opposition, bred in Hell,
Will have to meet. Perhaps th'infernal host
Appriz'd of our convention, even *now*
Have emissaries station'd, to observe
Our consultations. Cunning, artifice,
And machinations croud the courts of Hell;
And keep the demon-legions ever keen
In vision, to espy, whate'er within
Their restless rambles through the roomy earth,
May offer means to them, man's weal to mar.
But if the savage soul should not be sear'd,
And callous made, by Satan's caustic arts,
To Reason's force: if open yet to proof,
That NATURE's common *right* demands of them,
Partition with the Whites, of their wild lands;
That Christian Domination there would shed
Unknown delights upon their gloomy hearts,
And banish thence their thorny woes, and wants;
Diffusing through their unillumin'd minds
The rays of mental light—that christianiz'd

And philanthropic man can ne'er delight,
In the distresses and extermination
Of his own kindred men; but the reverse;
That he, sweet animating joy derives
From seeing happy millions round him swarm;
And never is more bless'd himself than when
He makes the wretched bless'd—if Indian minds
Can possibly be brought to feel these truths,
The plan adapted best t'effectuate
An end so great, is that which I propose.
To prove that man's professions are sincere,
His practices should therewith coincide;
And virtuous conduct in a multitude,
Where Satan has more pow'r to operate,
Is not so frequent found as 'mongst a virtuous few.
But sacred Spirits! more is needless here.
Your searching minds, the theme throughout have scan'd:
If they approve the measure I propound
So will you now declare."
Through all the hall
A vote of cheerful approbation ran.
Then rose the guardian Spirit of Enterprise,
And thus address'd the Angelic convocation.
"Benevolent ministers of love! we well,
On this momentous era of our reign,
With gratulations may each other greet.
In fascinating perspective I see
Refinement's golden temple spread

Its softly-temper'd blaze, o'er all th'expanse,
Which from th'Alleganean Mountain's base,
Westward to the Pacific deeps extend—
I see its brilliance beaming from the Lakes,
Whose billows beat the cold Canadian shores;
Along Ohio's smooth majestic stream,
And Mississippi's mighty flood to where,
In statelier pomp their mingled currents roll,
O'er distant Mexico's blue-bosom'd bay.
With sun-brown'd cheek, and brow with odorous wreaths
Of clover-bloom engarlanded, I see,
Young Agriculture smiling o'er the west;
While Labor's healthful sons around him flock,
And wait his mild commands. I see rich fields,
Green-waving Meads, and flosculous Gardens spread
Beneath his gladden'd eye, their copious stores:
While Plenty, Happiness, and Peace, and Joy,
Religion, Science, Truth, and Love, and *all*
The VIRTUES vivify, illume, refine,
Exalt, and sublimate, the NEW-BORN WORLD!
Th'enrapturing scenes we soon shall realize,
Which warm prophetic Fancy here depicts,
If in pursuit of the benevolent end,
On which we have resolved, we delegate
To the high charge, a Hero, whom I long
Have train'd, with cheerful ease to undergo
Privations, dangers, pain, and solitude.
When oft thro' frigid storms, and forest-snows,
Without a friend, or fire, or even food,

Save what the desert gave, I've seen swift speed
To rouse from his thick lair, the antler'd Buck;
Or from their dark and solitary dens,
In dingles deep, or wildly-jutting cliffs,
To startle forth the grim predaceous Beasts;
The bounding Catamount, and meagre Wolf,
The surly Bear, and slaughter-hungering Panther:
A Hero whom no terrors can appal:
Whose bosom feels no fear, when lost in woods
The wildest that in all the mountain waste
By wintry winds are swept:—whose sinewy limbs
Can scale the roughest mountain's rocky steeps
With vigorous ease, nor feel a fibre fail,
Nor quicken'd breath, nor fluttering pulse, bespeak
Fatigue. But in his breast there beats a heart,
In which the warmest blood of Pity flows.
For though to him the chace affords delight,
As warranted by the Almighty's grant,
Within a limited extent; yet such
The Hero's tenderness, his soul revolts
From needless cruelty, to meanest life.
He would not crush with wanton tread a fly,
Nor e'en with useless agonies of pain
Torment the poisonous snake. The tear of woe
Draws from his breast the sympathetic sigh,
And Sorrow's plaintive tale, and mournful mien,
Commisseration's tender throb awakes
Within his feeling heart. No passion reigns,

Tyrannic o'er his reason, Patriot love
With daring majesty his soul inspires,
And would with equal valor make him brave
The lurking dangers of the savage wild;
Or face in open field the frowning front
Of thundering Battle. Generous, guileless, kind,
The gripe of sneaking Avarice ne'er compress'd
His princely heart. No mean dissembling smiles,
Nor smooth, deceitful speech, his views conceal,
Nor form a feint his unsuspecting friends,
Within a *venal snare* to lure. He gives
To modest indigence, with bounteous will,
A liberal portion of his little store.
The ostentatious pageantry of power,
The moon-shine splendors of high-titled birth,
And fluttering Fashion's vain, fantastic pomp;
For his sage mind, no more attractions have,
Than shining gossamer upon the winds,
Or glittering froth, upon the turbid streams.
In fine, no Hero whom I've e'er inspir'd;
With more or higher Virtues is endued,
Or better qualified to fill the place,
For which we are about to make a choice,
Than DANIEL BOONE, th'adventurous Hunter, whom
I recommend. And he, by knowing well
The human heart, and having friends, whose souls
Like his, can dauntless, brave the stormy wilds;
Who th'anguish'd plaint attend, and kindly soothe

With sweet condolence Misery's bleeding woes—
Whose souls with magnanimity expand,
Sublimely soaring o'er the tinseled swarms,
Of Pride, and Fashion. With such means possess'd,
Companions for the tour he can enlist,
Adapted well to such divine emprise.
If then, Angelic Peers! your judgments deem
Him worthy of the trust, so will you say."
With undivided suffrage, the Divan,
The enterprising Angel's choice, approv'd:
And by their solemn institution gave,
To *him*, protection of the new-made CHIEF—
To *him*, by secret inspiration t'excite
The Hero's valorous soul, to undertake
The glorious enterprise, the task they gave.
Their great design for *action*, thus matur'd,
Th'enraptur'd convocation ere they rose,
Their praise in loud seraphic peans pour'd,
To that transcendently tremendous GOD,
Whose frown, an UNIVERSE, in gloom can shroud;
Whose smile, Illumination's purest blaze
Through an infinitude of Night can spread;
And with Refinement's ever-living blooms,
Creation's wildest WILDERNESS can clothe!——
RELIGION's sacred Seraph next, gave sign,
His hallow'd MAJESTY in *prayer* t'address—
When bowing low in suppliant attitude,
Their animated adorations forth,
The reverential congregation breathed;

And in a tone af warm pathetic zeal
Effused from lips bedewed with melting sweets;
With the nectarean quintessence of Love!
And honied balm of holy Eloquence!
Th'Almighty's kindly prospering smile implored,
Around the Hero's dreary path to beam,
And light him safely through each winding maze,
Until success his great adventure crowned.
Their pious service clos'd, the kneeling host
Arose, and nought their Session to prolong
Remaining now, the holy Synod was dissolv'd.
Each Seraph spread his sparkling pinions wide;
And from the plume-bespangled portico,
Light bounded on the gently buoyant gales,
And swiftly sail'd to his appropriate Sphere.
So from their anchorage launch'd, majestic Ships,
The liquid deeps, in gallant beauty skim;
And seek o'er Wilds of Ocean far remote,
In various distant Realms, their native ports.

# THE ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE.

## BOOK II.

## ARGUMENT.

*FROM the council-dome, the missioned Seraph flies in search of Boone, whom he discovers on the* TOWER *of* ARARAT, *immersed in patriotic meditations; to which the Angel by secret inspiration, gives additional fervency.* 1 *to* 91.—*Animated with the prospect of discovery, usefulness, and fame, which his immagination had depicted; he selects the Companions of his adventures; at the appointed season bids adieu to his Family; and commences his destined tour.* 92 *to* 293.—*On the heights of Allegany, after several days progress, the Travellers are at midnight aroused from their slumbers, by the scream of a Panther; in pursuit of which, they make an unsuccessful sally, and again betake themselves to repose.* 300 *to* 318.—*A short time elapses, and they are alarmed by the sight of* VULOSKO *and* MELVILLE, *in quest of* MELCENA, *who had been forced by ruffians from her Lover, when on her return with him to her paternal abode, from visiting his Father. The Strangers join Boone's encampment, and the night is passed in mutual inquiries and explications, which terminate with Vulosko's narrative.* 326 *to* 828.—*At the close of which, Boone promises the disconsolate parent all possible assistance, in the recovery of of his beloved daughter.*

# THE

# ADVENTURES

OF

# *DANIEL BOONE.*

## BOOK II.

WITH meteor-swiftness, from the council-dome,
High through the azure heights of Atmosphere,
His lofty way the *mission'd* Seraph wing'd;
Till poised above the Carolinian hills,
He sought with searching view, th'adventurous Boone.
Along the silver-shining Yadkin first,
Where stood the Hero's rural mansion, glanced
The Angel's vigorous eye, thence o'er the Hills,
His usual *hunting-ground*, which bounds the vales,
And thence swift o'er the Mountain's gloomy Mounds;
Until th'august sublimity and pomp
Of that stupendous Tower, whose rocky brow
From towering Ararat's blue summit frowns,

In threatening grandeur o'er surrounding plains,
And proudly fronts the Apalachian Mounts,
The daring Angel's eagle view enchain'd.
For *it* so much the power of God display'd,
That e'en to Cherub eyes it had a charm
Sublime. As there the holy Seraph gazed,
He, on the holy Battlement espied
In Contemplation's solemn stole enrobed,
The high-soul'd Hunter. The magnific PILE,
As through contiguous woods the Hero ranged,
His thoughtful soul with rapturous awe had swell'd;
And urged him to ascend its perilous crags,
And narrow-winding chasms, until he gain'd
The dizzy height! Well suited was the *scene*,
T'attune his feelings for th'inspiring breath,
Of ardent Enterprise—as Boone advanced,
Their steep retreats the strong-wing'd Eagles left,
And sought the solitude of trackless skies.
In pomp, and variegated glories clothed;
Their awful heads, cloud-crested mountains heav'd,
High in the North Horizon. And towards South,
In Spring's new verdure deck'd a vast Campaign
Disclosing here and there its splendid streams,
Extended far beneath th'impending Tower.
Sublimed with extacy, the Hero stood,
Surveying round, the soul-exalting scene,
Which seem'd for Meditation's eye prepared.
Along the ragged precipice he saw

The lightning's rifted path. Each flickering breeze,
That swept the grey-brow'd turrets, seem'd to shake
The elevated mass!—So high it was,
It seem'd t'invade the starry bounds of Heaven!
So high—the Hero thought, his air-fan'd locks,
Were lifted by the pure empyreal Winds.
His raptured Fancy's reverential eye,
Was raised to see th'ETERNAL'S blazing THRONE;
And the impetuous gush of thought o'erwhelm'd
A while his mind. Meantime, the Angel view'd
Th'extatic agitations of his soul;
And in a spiritual form unseen, approach'd
Th'enravish'd Hero; breath'd upon his heart
A vigorous glow; and raised him from his trance.
Collected now, and the presumptuous wing
Of temerarious Fancy check'd; his mind
Contemplates other less o'er-powering scenes,
Adapted more to *finite* ken. With love
Of God and Man inspired, and with the zeal
Of new-enkindled Animation rapt;
His view expanding, with th'expanding range
Of far seen hills and plains; his towering soul
Disdaining life's *inferior* toils, which cramp
With dull employ, the nerves of virtuous *Power*;
Which chill the glowing warmth of great resolve,
And chain t'an inch of soil those energies,
That were design'd to dignify a World!
His patriot bosom panted for a stage,

On which, for his loved Country's benefit,
To act that daring, that heroic part,
Which was commensurate with his lofty views.
Again his fervid soul the Angel touch'd,
And spread before his perspicacious eye,
A theatre of ample magnitude,
Full quadrate to the Hero's boldest wish,
The wild dominions in Columbia's WEST!—
Upon his *Fancy's* pictured tablet, shone
In splendid tints, a thousand varied scenes;
Embellishing a dark Barbarian World!—
Refinement's golden file with smoothing sweep,
Reducing swiftly from the savage mind,
Its heathen incrustations—kindling light
And splendor, where investing glooms and rust,
The Indian's intellectual treasures spoil'd.
A thousand valorous, soul-ennobling feats
Attendant on the patriot enterprise,
Grandly preparing, an expanded sphere
For Commerce, Wealth, and all the brilliant Arts,
Where they before had never cast a beam,
In brilliant prospect warmed the Hero's soul.
Descending down the shatter'd precipice,
He sought with haste, Companions for th'emprise;
And from his brave associates in the chase,
Th'adventurous Findley, Stewart, Holden, Cool,
And Monay, chose; a small, but daring band!
Soon for the hazardous explorement was

Viaticum prepared.

Now came the day
Of keenest grief, that e'er the breast transpierced
Of the immortal Boone. A day on which
He was constrain'd to leave domestic bliss,
The sweet endearments of Connubial Love—
Caresses fond of Babes, and kind devoirs
Of friendly neighbors. These he had to leave,
Not for his wonted time, a few short weeks;
But numerous, dreary, long and tedious Months!
To travel, not familiar woods, where Man
Meets nought but *timid* beasts; nor cultured realms,
Where Peace and Love and social Science charm;
And Hospitality with smiles adorn'd,
Runs open-armed to meet him at the Gate:
But where a dark and dreadful desert spreads,
Between the Hero's home and *destined* land;
Where *Monster* Beasts with fierce blood-hungering howl,
The sounding woods, and echoing caverns fill,
And death-delighting Indians lurk for life,
In every bosky nook and wild retreat.
Around the sadden'd Chief his darling sons,
And daughters, and his sorrow-wounded wife,
In weeping circles drew. In vain, he strove
Their sobbing hearts to sooth; in vain, he tried
T'assuage the bitter woe, that swell'd his own.
One mournful burst of sorrow fill'd, with sighs,
And sobs and tears, the melancholy house.

The tenderest eloquence of mourning love,
At length broke from the sweet impassion'd lips
Of his affectionate spouse. "My Boone!" She cried,
And press'd him to her groaning breast; "My Boone!"
How can you leave your Home, your Wife and Babes,
Your life in bloody woods to jeopardize,
Among the murdering Indians' cruel tribes?
My God! the horrid thought I cannot bear!
How shall I rest in peace, when dangers watch
To take away my dear Companion's life?
How, when the dreadful, silent, solitude
Of dark and cheerless Night, surrounds my Bed;
When Fancy's gloomy spectres flit along
My dreary chamber, and your bleeding Corpse
By grinning Savages or glare-eyed Beasts,
Before my *sleepless* eyes is rudely drag'd;
How shall I then support my sinking heart?
How then the bodings of my rueful thoughts
Endure? Oh then! what answer shall I give
Our darling Infants, when their lisping tongues
The cause inquire, that makes me wet with tears,
Their little cheeks, and steep with briny dew
My sigh-warm'd pillow? What answer shall I give
The tender prattlers, when they sweetly ask
The time, their absent Father will return?
Oh, do not go! My Husband! do not go!—
T'allure you from your peaceful Home,
What does, what can, the dangerous desert yield

That would our Miseries, Woes, and painful Fears
Repay? O! if you go; this NOBLE BREAST
I fear, will heave its last in savage flames,
Or by the Indian's butchering vengeance gash'd,
Pour on th'ensanguin'd ground its crimson life!
If there you fall, no tender hand will wash
Your clotted wounds, nor shroud your pallid clay;
No sorrowing friends will bear you to the grave,
Nor screen from prowling violence your limbs,
Then lifeless cold! If such your fate should be;
How could my widow'd heart sustain the pang
Of cruel Grief, that then would lacerate
Its wasting tendrils? Oh my Boone! my Boone!
How could—how could I then endure to see
Our Orphan-Infants weep their Father's Death;
And hear them cry, "oh God! he's gone!
*Forever gone!*" Here Grief her voice suppress'd—
A mournful pause ensued—such as succeeds
The last impressive words, of some adored,
Some dear-loved, dying friend, when round his bed
The weeping clusters croud, and see the beams
Of trembling life fade in his closing eye.
From every pore the Hero's manly heart
Ran blood. His guardian Spirit hovering near,
And witnessing his deep-depressing grief,
Inspirited again his drooping soul.
He kiss'd his languid Consort's tear-dew'd cheek,
And to appease the pang that stung her breast

Address'd her thus. "My bosom's dearest love!
The splendors, titles, honors, wealth, and power,
And all the glittering garniture of earth,
To me are trash, compared with what regards
The Peace and Happiness of you, my Wife,
And these our lovely Cherubs! Sooner would
I groan my life away in servitude,
Or waste my days in dismal dungeon-cells:
Yes; sooner would I brave the blazing stake,
Or sink amid the Caldron's boiling waves,
Than doom to woe, my darling Wife and Babes.
But *woe*, my *dear!* though tasted now, this hour
Of painful parting, Heaven's benignant hand
Will soon avert. For Innocence ne'er drinks
Long time, much less through life, its *bitter cup;*
And oft is sipping richly-flavor'd sweets,
When thought by most to quaff the *hateful gall.*
The task that separates us now awhile,
My Angel! is not self-imposed. My soul
Of late is by an ardent impulse urged,
The grand emprise to undertake: a power
From Heaven, must actuate unseen, my will:
For so determined, warm, impulsive, bold,
It never heretofore has been; and all
Its ardor to the self-same object tends.
Such influence to resist, were to oppose
The powers divine. Those powers, my dear! your Boone
When in the desert's yelling gloom can guard,

Or Indian's bloody Camp; as well as when
In Carolina's harmless fields. Those powers,
Which erst protected in the roaring den
Of dreadful Beasts, the sacred *man of God;*
Those righteous powers, which from the gulphy bowels
Of the huge monarch of the Deep, brought forth
Unhurt, Repenting Jonah—*they* can shield
From flying Tomahawks the naked head;
And guard it from the horrid scalping knife.
When I am absent, *think of this*, my love!
And be consoled. That same benevolent God,
Whose hand the Raven's callow nestlings feeds,
Whose eye with merciful regard observes
His humblest work; each little Sparrow knows;
And on the valley's tenderest Floweret sheds
The beams of life and beauty—that kind God,
When I'm away, the Father of our Babes
Will be; and with divine protection's wing
Will guard their pious Mother. Cease then, Love!
To weep; and on *That Rock of safety* rest
Your hopes, your cares—The sovereign law of Heaven
Requires, that man should oft the sweets forego
Of loved Society, Companions, Friends,
Relations, Children, tender Wife, and all!
To tread th'adventurous stage of grand emprise!
To scatter knowledge through the Heathen wilds,
And mend the state of Universal Man!—
By Duty's stern but salutary voice,

Affection's feeling fibres oft are jarr'd ;
Till pain-wrung blood-rills streaming thence, distain
The plumes of Peace. Yet duty's needful call
Must be obey'd. For keener still's the pain
Of disobedience to the will of Heaven,
Than all the torturing pangs of sunder'd love.
When parted by the Wilderness, my spouse !
*Anticipated* bliss will animate
Our anxious hearts, and cheer our darkest days ;
And well it may, for sweet will be the time,
And richly, flowing with beatitude,
When from my grand adventures I return.
Then will we on the shaded green recline,
Or round th'enlivening fire ; renewing joys,
Short time suspended for our country's weal,
And musing on the wonders of the West,
And the protecting goodness of our God."
Observing now his consort more composed,
The Hero paused, and heard her thus reply.
" My dear companion ! now I yield, convinced,
Thy conscience touch'd by holy breath from Heaven,
Commands thee to the great, the perilous task.
On *Duty's* pure immaculate Altar, now
I sacrifice the tenderest wish of Love !
My prayers shall plead ; when each new morning's dawn
Breaks on the fading glooms of parting Night,
And when each Evening's mantle shrouds the day ;
Shall plead for God's almighty shield to ward

From ill, my absent Boone!" Thus was her heart
From deep depression raised by breath benign
Of kind Humanity's Seraphic Spirit,
Whose feeling eye had mark'd her painful grief,
And on her soul its cheering influence beam'd.
Now close the designated hour advanced,
His partners at th'appointed spot to meet.
  Again the Hero's heart, a poignant pang
Transpierced—Again with sorrow's sickening throes,
His sweet Companion's snowy bosom throb'd,
Again his tender children loudly wept!
He gave his wife the fond farewell embrace,
And on her lips the soul-enkindled kiss
Imprinted; press'd his sobbing Babes,
Shook all their hands, and look'd a long adieu!
  Attended by his viewless Angel, now,
The Hero wends to meet his comrade band;
When join'd, they westward take their pathless way.
  To beautify their route, and cheer their march;
The Queen of Spring, mellifluous-breathing May,
Walk'd with them o'er the wood-land wilds, and steep'd
In honey-dews the young expanding leaves;
And through the fleckered forest flung perfumes;
While flowerets, blooms, and fragrant foliage fill'd
The extended boundaries of her balmy reign.
Along the wilds, and feather-winnow'd air,
In animating undulations flow'd
The sweetly modulated songs of Spring;

As if, the journeying Heroes on their march,
To hail, with *Gratulation's* melody!
With vigorous speed, o'er plains and hills they hied;
Each night reposing round the unsheltered fire.
Soon on the lofty Alleganean peaks
They tread. Here Nature's rudest hand had rear'd
Confusion's Battlements sublime;
And here had Solitude's dark dingles delv'd!—
One night encompass'd by the wildest cliffs,
That jut in shaggy prominence high o'er
The rugged mounds, around their glimmering fire
Our Heroes lay—'Twas midnight's silent hour:
Unsleeping Cynthia's waning, silvery disk,
Smiled on the shadowy hills, and palely shone
Along the Mountain's slant dew-glistening rocks—
The restless cascade murmur'd on the winds—
The Wolf-howl echo'd down the distant dells—
The Zephyrs were on wing. Our Heroes slept—
A passing Panther snuff'd them on the breeze,
For blood athirst; half resolute, half scared,
He crouching, crept near by, and fiercely scream'd,
Then farther fled. The sleepers startling, woke;
Their rifles seized, and clamber'd o'er the cliffs.
Far on the moon-illumined rocks, Boone spied
The bloody prowler; and his gun discharged,
But miss'd the flying mark. Soon back return'd;
They stir their dwindling fire, and rest again.
Some time elapsed; each eye save Boone's, in sleep

Was closely sealed—but his, to aid his mind,
As on the midnight mountain scenes it mused,
Now view'd the blue star-twinkling vault, now glanced
Along the high-raised, dim-seen, distant woods,
And now along *contiguous* cliffs; on which
Beneath slow-waving trees, the moonshine danced.
*Here* as his wakeful eye the Hero cast;
He astonish'd, saw two human forms slow move
Like shadows o'er the rocks—wild wonder rush'd
Across the Hero's heart—The *time* and *place*
Denied belief, that mortal men they were.
But in their hands he saw their swords' dim gleam,
As o'er a moon-light space they softly passed;
And soon again, what seem'd like guns he spied.
Warm rose his blood; he snatch'd his rifle up,
And shook in haste his sleeping friends. They roused;
When instant, disappear'd behind the rocks,
The unknown beings. Boone gave charge to hide
Among the cliffs; when loud, "Melcena!" cried
The darkling strangers; then, "my child! my child!"—
Re-echoed quickly through the sounding woods.
Again, "Infernal Ruffians! Fiends of Hell!
May God's eternal vengeance blast with woe,
Your future lives!" "My God!" said Boone, "what does,
What can this mean?" And then, thus question'd loud:
"Where is your child? And who in Heaven's name
Are you?——" "Mock not an aged Father's grief,"
Replied the Stranger; "give to my arms again,

My lovely Child! Oh! if your cruel hearts,
No fear of that all-just tremendous Power,
Whose thunders soon in wrath shall wake, and leagued
With his red lightnings, drive to Hell's black gulphs
Your demon souls; can move you to repent
Your hellish guilt, and make you yield my Child,
Let *gold* restore her! for by Him I swear,
Who made yon Moon, and her bright retinue;
That if you will give back to me, my child,
Ten thousand Guineas shall the deed reward:
Of which as surety, my own life to you
In pledge I'll give, until the ransom's paid;
Which shall amid these mountain wilds be done."
Then Boone—"You are mistaken, Sir, I *swear*
By him, by whom you've sworn, we are not those
You think; poor, inoffensive travellers, we!
By day our course directing to the land,
Along the mighty Waters of the West,
We sojourn here no longer than this night:
Be not of us afraid, come to our Camp,
And tell your tale of wrong. If aught of aid
We can impart, it shall be promptly given.
We invoke the God of Holiness and Truth,
To witness, that no evil we design
To living man, and that whatever is
Of her the fate, whom in these wilds you seek,
We neither know that fate, nor are its cause."
The undesigning seriousness of tone,

With which the Hero spake; in part dispell'd
The Father's first belief, and to his friend
He said—"That voice, that language, seems to speak,
Methinks, a soul sincere! pérhaps, dear youth!
We wrong those men; they may be innocent;
If so, they will our anxious search assist.
I'll know; remain you here mean while, young friend;
And if I'm slain, or captive made; then haste
You home, and summon to these Hills a Host
To seek my darling child, t'avenge my fate,
And do whatever Wisdom may devise.
Without my dear, my lost Melcena; life
Is little worth my care. But you are young;
And should not rashly risk a life that may,
An ample share of bliss enjoy; though lost
To her whose *plighted* Love would soon have fill'd
With Hymeneal sweets, your happy soul.
Enough! if *foes*, they may surround us here:
You shelter in these rocks until my call,
Or friends or foes, proclaim." Th'impatient youth—
"Let me, O Father! share thy doom, my Arm
Feels *strong!* my life, without my Love, than thine
Is worth no more—If not the VILLAINS, then
We're safe: If they, no better chance again
May e'er occur, to wrest, from their curst hands,
My dear Melcena—let us then advance
Together, and abide the worst: my *sword*
Shall shield thy head; my *gun* shall do its part."

Too well Vulosko knew the ardent fire
That flam'd within the youthful Melville's breast,
To struggle long its daring course to check.
He gave assent that both should dare the peril:
And on, o'er intervening crags they went;
Till at the Camp; then told their presence there.
Forth from their refuge dark, our Heroes came;
For prudence bade them not expose their lives,
By staying at their fire, where death might see
To aim his slaughtering tube; and as they came,
Their peaceful views in solemn terms declared.
Suspicion's eye, with mutual sternness marked,
From either side, the other's every look:
Until asseverations, statements, style,
Demeanor, equipage, and dress conspired,
All doubts and fears from every breast to drive.
In converse now the remnant of the night
Was pass'd. At Boone's request, Vulosko told,
How from his heart, in unpropitious hour,
Was torn his dear Melcena—prefacing
With a brief narrative of his own life
The painful tale. "I am the son," he said,
"Of an adventurous Nobleman, who left,
The blazing clash of European War,
In the wild Forests of this Western World,
To seek the silent shades of bloodless Peace.
His infant days in innocence and joy,
Among the Alpine scenes of Love, were spent,

And pastoral pleasure; and around his path,
The Sun of Peace, for fifteen summers, pour'd
Its pleasing splendors. "Switzerland!" Him oft
When musing on his juvenile days, I've heard
With melancholy extacy exclaim;
"O Switzerland! Sweet land of Liberty!
Thou Nurse of Virtue, Piety, and Truth,
Thou sacred seat of *cheerful Industry*,
Of daring Independence, Science, Peace,
And all that purifies, exalts, sublimes,
And sanctifies the HUMAN HEART—Dear Land!
By NATURE guarded from Oppression's gripe;
Whose sinewy sons with sweeping strength can hurl,
From their rough Mountains' rich and rugged heights,
The insulting Myrmidons, who dare invade
The precincts of their PEACE-PROTECTED homes.
DEAR LAND! where CANDOR's fair expanded brow,
And *steady-beaming* eye, the lofty soul
And generous philanthropic Heart declare.
How sweetly would my unambitious life,
Among thy cultured shades have glided on,
Had not the glare of gorgeous War allured
My youthful eyes, and drawn me to the din
Of distant dangers."— Well might he lament
The infatuation that possess'd his brain,
When he his gentle home exchanged for fields
Of Blood. For, fighting in a foreign War,
His life he nearly lost. His parents died—

He visited a German relative,
A famous General in the imperial reign
Of Leopold, and was smitten with the pomp
Of MARTIAL POWER, and the splendid Fame
Of Military conquest--Raptures filled
His eye, whene'er he heard the Soldier's song,
The conquering Warrior's brilliant deeds resound.
With pride, his Kinsman view'd each vivid glance;
And through his influence, for the ardent youth,
An office under Prince Eugene obtained.
'Twas when the Elector of Bavaria roll'd,
In junction with the French, the bloody flood
Of desolating Battle, o'er the vast
Germanic Empire; soon my Father's fire
Was join'd to the confederate flame, which burn'd
To oppose the Hosts of Tallard and Marsin.
On BLENHEIM's glorious field his arm was tried.
Wheree'er he moved, the thunders of his might
Before him drove the dreadful storm of Death;
And ere the Battle half was o'er, his name
Was *shouted* through the ranks; and Glory's wreaths
Around his towering brow profusely hung.
But dearly were his laurels bought; the price
Was copious torrents of his glowing blood!
A veteran Horseman's steel his bosom gashed,
And laid him bleeding on the smoking sward!
The roaring conflict ceased; and Victory's voice
In shouts along the *leauged* Battalions broke.

Attended by the skill'd Physician's aid,
In an adjacent tent my father lay.
His slumbering senses were with cordials waked—
He heard the loud triumphing peals, and smiled!
But soon, the *mournful wail* of WIDOWED WIVES,
Who had at distance view'd the slaughtering fray—
The anguished groans of thousands pained with wounds;
And Death's blood-strangled gasps, his heart assailed,
And wraped in Pity's glooms his pallid Face!
In all their tender melancholy forms,
REFLECTION'S *soft* sensations now awoke
Within his breast---His native Mountain joys,
The mild pacific intercourse of Love,
That binds in one harmonic friendly band,
The unambitious family of Swiss;
In contrast with the Carnage, Blood and Death
That spread the plains of fierce unhappy WAR;
Upon his soul were vividly portrayed.
Ambition's steely casements, from his heart,
Humanity's dissolvent gush removed;
And Valor's *wild intemperate* flame was quenched,
In the soft-flowing flood. By tender care,
His wounds were healed, and his sunk health restored.
His feelings now were changed, they loathed at War!
And though his native Hills he loved; he sighed
For freedom from the bloody storm, that howl'd
With frightful clamor, round the neighboring world.
His patrimonial property was large:

He sold it all, and sought o'er surging seas,
The solitude and peace for which he sigh'd.
In Massachusetts province, he first breathed
Columbia's aromatic gales——There Love,
Enchanting poison, through his veins infused,
And bound in talismanic trance his heart---
Awhile in pain he loved ; but Pleasure came,
On the white pinions of inspiring HOPE,
And turned his dubious passion all to bliss.
Him, soon the Queen of his affections crown'd
By Hymen's hand, the Monarch of her Own.---
In search of still profounder solitude,
To Carolina they soon after came ;
And there awhile the quietude they wished,
Enjoyed. Their wealth was ample, and they lived
In happy ease. The peasants scattered o'er
Their fruitful farm, with joy their wants supplied.
I was the only child that crown'd their love.
To impress with virtuous truth my ductile mind,
And teach me how a *dangerous* world to shun ;
Was all their occupation. Smoothly flow'd
Their unimbittered stream of life; until
The cursed Coree and Tuscarora tribes
Of Savages with sanguinary rage,
Enwrap'd in Night's thick-muffling darkness rush'd
Wild through the sleeping Colony, and plunged
Their gory daggers in the unguarded breasts
Of shrieking Females, struggling Babes, old Men,

And high-soul'd Heroes strong in vigorous youth!
That Night my FATHER died! and MOTHER too!
That tender Mother! whose benignant face,
Whose mild benevolent voice, and melting eye,
I yet remember well: O yes, she was
Too kind, too good, for Memory e'er to slight!—
Of her, my dear, my lost Melcena is
A perfect semblance. O ETERNAL GOD!
Do have compassion on thy grey-hair'd Servant!
Again to him his darling child restore!
The only living comfort that remains
To sweeten life's gall-mingled sediment;
The last supporting pillar now that's left,
To prop a few more years, his sinking heart;
And keep awhile his shatter'd, tottering frame,
From tumbling into the engulphing grave!—
Excuse, O friends, the vehemence of soul
That interrupts my tedious Narrative.
I now proceed.——Before the murdering FIENDS
Could reach my bed, my dying parents' groans
Admonish'd me to fly—a window near
Afforded egress to my shuddering limbs;
To seek a neighboring peasant's aid, I ran;
But ere I reach'd his house, I heard the scream
Of murder, mingled with the Ruffians' yell.
In the dark woods till morn I trembling lay;
Then ventured slowly through a grove of trees,
Which waved adjacent to my Father's house.

Great God! what dread emotions then convulsed
My aching breast; I thought my beating heart
Would burst. A drear, soul-sickening silence cast
A death-expressive gloom around. In vain
I hoped to see my Parents, though gore-stain'd,
And mangled sorely with blood-dripping wounds;
Look from their mansion-door to seek their son.
I fear'd to call, or nearer to approach
The woeful scene of midnight violence;
Lest still the Ruffians might be lurking there.
The Sun rose high, my last faint hope expired;
The bosom-racking misery of DESPAIR
Now wrung my anguish'd heart-strings, and I sunk
Upon the naked earth—At length, I heard
The voice of men. I rose, and saw a band
Of arm'd militia, marching to the House;
And soon I recognized my Father's friend
Dulonz, to whom, I faint and trembling ran.
He took my hand, and led me to the Door;
Whence, O soul-piercing sight! I see it yet!
We saw my murder'd parents, lifeless, pale!
I kiss'd their livid lips, and in a swoon,
Sunk senseless, on their cold and mangled breasts.
Dulonz convey'd me to his friendly home,
The guardian of my infant years, became:
And with a Father's care upon my heart,
The principles of Piety impressed,
The light of Erudition o'er my mind,
In all its variegated tints diffused,

And carefully my Heritage preserved.
Ten years with him in amity I lived.
My period of Minority expired
And now, my fortune to myself resign'd,
The nations of the European world,
I formed a resolution to survey,
And thither sail'd. From court to court I went;
Until of men and laws I knew enough!
Alas too much! Ashamed, disgusted, sick,
At sight of Perfidy, Corruption, Vice,
And Parasitic meanness, I return'd
To Carolina's uncorrupted shades,
And wed the object of my earliest love,
The charming daughter of the kind Dulonz.
With her in fondest quiet, twenty years
Of uncontaminated bliss I pass'd.
Two noble sons, and one sweet daughter crown'd
Our happy love. But ere Melcena ceased
The lacteal breast to draw, a Fever drank
The fountains dry, whence flow'd her Mother's life.
Again my heart with agony was torn!
And ere the assuasive balm of friendly Time
Could mitigate their keen afflictive pangs,
The blood-effusive Wounds were tortured o'er:
For greedy Death, unsatisfied with *her*,
Snatch'd from my doating arms my eldest son!—
To banish from my breast the clouds of Woe,
That hover'd thick and black about my heart,

I *sought* the sunny cheer of social Friends;
But in my search for friends was much deceived.
Where *one* was faithful, *ten* were *basely false!*
I found the Hypocritic taint, the breath,
The *infectious* breath of Europe's poison'd sons,
Had reach'd Columbia's shores. To Solitude,
To Books, and to the instruction of my son
And daughter, therefore, did I turn for peace,
For consolation. These at times I've found.
But such the changeful Fate of woe-born Man,
To *day* his eye with cloudless joy is bright,
To *morrow* Misery's blood-steep'd tears bedim
Its fading beams; *the next* its lustre dies!
A faithful Tenant on my Farm I placed;
Bade farewell to my few unfailing Friends;
And in these solitary Mountains sought
Exemption from the hum of bustling life.
A situation suited to my taste,
A deep retreat, a picturesque wild I found,
Where human foot perhaps had never trod;
There did I think the shattered stock, which yet
Of my storm-beaten life remain'd, would stand
From hurricanes of mortal woe secure;
Until by Nature's calm decay to earth
It gently fell—Imparting while alive
Its richest succulence to the young shoots,
Which from it in a happier season sprang.
From SIN and all its hateful brood remote;

I thought to ingraft upon the flexile minds
Of my surviving Infants, such deep *love*
Of Honesty, Benevolence, Virtue, Truth,
And all that dignifies immortal minds;
Before the examples of the dangerous World
Had power to fascinate their youthful hearts,
And stain their purity; that all the *force*
Of Hell's allurements should successless prove
Their firm-establish'd rectitude to warp.
How far my hopes would have been realized,
Is merely matter of opinion now.
For ere through one complete Decennial course,
The annually revolving orb of Time
Had roll'd my hopeful Charles; by fierce Choctaws,
On the rude rocks of these wild Hills, was shed
His taintless blood, and his fair body drag'd
Far from his mourning Father's sad abode.
As by permission, with his gun he scaled
In search of feather'd game the adjoining Mounds;
The tawny demons spied the manly Boy
And in his body lodged the murdering lead.
I heard the dread report, the dying plaint,
And fierce exulting yell—But ere I reach'd
The blood-stain'd spot the savage fiends had fled.
I saw them rising o'er a distant hill,
And caught a transient glance of my dead son,
Whom, with them they in hellish triumph bore.
In deep depression many months I mourn'd;

When to my mansion opportunely came
This young man's Father, my warm-hearted Friend
DELOME. He learn'd from my old servant Ralph,
Whom to the settlement on horse I'd sent
To purchase viands for my simple board;
Of him he learn'd my recent loss and woe,
And journey'd hither through the forest maze,
To pluck the thorn of anguish from my breast,
And o'er my hills, which mournful sadness gloom'd,
A gleam of heart-enlivening radiance shed.
He with him too his manly Melville brought,
The melancholy vacancy to fill
Occasion'd by my hapless Charles's Death;
And have, as my old friend was pleased to say,
His tender mind with those grave truths embued,
Which my experience fitted me to teach.
*This* is the youth of whom I speak; the son
Of my good friend. When home his Father went,
Young Melville staid; the flush of thirteen years
His healthy cheek suffused. His mind was quick,
Inquiring, strong—His heart vivacious, kind;
His body vigorous, firm. I loved him much
And much he merited my warmest love;
For all his powers were ceaselessly employed
To drive dejection from my drooping heart,
And sweeten my Melcena's lonesome life.
To her his kind devoirs proceeded soon,
From a *diviner* source than mere *good will:*
For soft infantile LOVE, in their young breasts

Began his honey-dripping wings to spread,
And through their wild-vibrating veins to breathe
Delicious raptures, thrilling, tender, strange!
How sweetly I have seen them sit beneath
The dark pine-shade, or oak's broad canopy,
Extracting the mellifluous quintescence
Of Milton's Paradise! at every melting line
Expressing transports with commutual glance,
And interchanging softening sentiments,
At almost every soul-entrancing pause!
How oft I've seen him climb the dewy cliff,
And pluck its flowery beauties to adorn
The unartificial ringlets which o'erhung
Her snowy temples. O! those days though dash'd
At times with bitter Memory's sickening gall,
Were sweet, compared with these I now endure.
O! then, when sorrow's tear roll'd down my cheek,
How kindly would my darling wipe it off,
And sing her wildest notes of soothing song
To exhilarate my sorrow-sobbing breast:
And Melville too, to aid her kind design,
The dulcet tones of his soft-warbling lute,
With her seraphic melody would pour
In sweet accord. Those times alas are past!
They lasted though with little change, save what
The increasing years of the young lovers brought;
Until that painful period of *Distress*,
When from her Lover, and her *Father* too,
Was torn my darling daughter! Strangers! *You*

Perhaps ne'er suffered the keen-torturing pangs,
Which lacerate in bloody shreds the heart
Of an affectionate Father, when the grave
Ingulphs a tender child his *bosom's pride!*
If not, you can but faint conception form,
Of that tormenting Wo, which wounds the breast
Of him who is by cruel fiends bereft;
*By savage demons far more fell than Death!*
Of *her* his lovely, only living child!
The soothing solace of declining life!
At intervals with Edwin and old Ralph;
Melcena, during several happy years
Was wont to visit my dear friend Delome:
Where with a small but pleasing circle, they
In sweet unvitiated mirth employed
The pinion'd Hours. Returning thence again,
To me their blythe felicities they told;
And with the cheering letters of Delome
Gave Friendship's raptures to my leaping heart.
The day at length, which was in Hymen's fane
The virtue-kindled Love of the young pair
To consecrate, drew near. But ere their vows
Were at the holy altar sealed, once more
My venerated friend they visited;
Received his ready sanction to their views,
Their juvenile peers invited to partake
The nuptial joys, continued a few weeks,
And then again their journey back commenced.

As through the forest's gloomy wilds they rode,
A band of Hell-excited Villains fierce,
Terrific huge! from the deep thickets rush'd
With pistols and with brandish'd broad-swords arm'd!
With raging fury, Melville's startled Steed
Like thunder through the sounding thickets burst.
The exploding pistol's sound, which sought in vain
His master's life, still higher rous'd his fire,
And drove him headlong o'er the clattering hills.
The snaggy boughs swept Melville's whistling ear!
His naked head glanced many a threatening tree!
And verge of precipice and pit was broke
At almost every bound!—Attempts were vain,
The impetuous storm to check. The rein was lost!
Still Edwin clinging to the tossing mane
And bending to the Horse's straining neck,
His seat maintain'd, until an oak's huge branch
Resistless, drag'd him to the shuddering ground.
He rose unhurt: and o'er the rugged space,
To the disastrous spot where ruffian hands
Had seized the pleading Maid, with speed return'd,
Resolved to oppose unarm'd the bloody band,
If there. But they had fled—he knew not whither.
Vain was his eager search their route to find:
Nor ear, nor eye, could aught avail, to give
His phrenzied heart a clue to its lost love!—
O'er hills of horrid height, and rough ascent,
Far from his home-conducting path he ran;

Until in the dark tops of towering pines
Began to sink the westering prince of light.—
Convinced, unless he sought the pathway soon,
That NIGHT would hold him in the *Hemlock glooms*,
And waste the time which then was dear as life;
He swiftly traversed back the desert-steeps;
Regained the path before the ascending shades,
Had o'er the beetling peaks their squadrons roll'd;
And ere my head was on its pillow laid,
The dreadful bosom-rending tale announc'd.
If on my *naked* heart the fiercest flames
Of burning pitch had been, in pointed streams,
Profusely pour'd, and all its feeling kept
Alive, the pain would hardly have surpassed
What rack'd my bosom on that woe-fraught night!—
When o'er my cottage, morning's early gleam
Was shed; I hasten'd Ralph to good Delome,
With a request to gather with all speed
A company of men to aid our search.
Then Melville and myself our arms prepared
And hither to these rocky ridges hied,
Conceiving them to be a fit abode
Of predatory ruffians. The whole day,
In diligent but unsuccessful search
We spent. This Night, as on a lofty peak
We lay; your gun's deep-ringing peal we heard,
And then ascending a still higher cliff
Your fire espied. Thus, Sirs, in brief contour,

The features of my misadventured life
I've sketch'd.—Your friendly coadjuvancy
In our momentous quest shall gratitude,
And prayers for your felicity receive."
Thus answer'd Boone—Our aid we'll freely grant.
Conduct us where your wisdom may advise,
Nor cliff, nor cavern shall be unexplored.

# THE ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE.

## BOOK III.

## ARGUMENT.

*AT morning's approach, Boone and his associates unite with Vulosko and Melville, in search of Melcena.* 1 *to* 15. *While traversing the forests they discover Vonploor, one of the Allegany Robbers, covered with blood and enfeebled by wounds.* 15 *to* 31. *He gives a brief detail of his life, and relates the cause of his wretched situation, from which, they learn that Melcena has probably escaped from her Captors.* 31 *to* 129. *Animated with the intelligence, they convey him to Vulosko's Cottage, where, according to their anticipation, they find Delome attended by an auxiliary force, awaiting their arrival.* 129 *to* 272. *At the dawn of the next day, having received necessary directions from Vonploor, they proceed to the Ridge in which the ruffians have their subterraneous abode. Not far distant thence, while seated in consultation, they are transported by the presence of the* LOST MAID; *who, after the first emotions of extacy subside, relates the history of her escape and anxieties.* 172 *to* 321. *At the close of her recital the whole Company, Vulosko, Melcena and Melville excepted, hasten to the Robbers' Cavern, and surprise them while engaged in the dissection of a slaughtered Buffalo.* 321 *to* 336. *Several are slain, and the rest captured.* 336 *to* 397. *The Cavern explored and described.* 402 *to* 448. *The ensuing night is passed in the Robbers' Tent. The sleepers are awakened by a dreadful tempest. The sole remaining Thief arrives and is taken.* 448 *to* 548. *Having returned to Vulosko's Cottage, Melville and Melcena are married; after which, Boone and his companions bid farewell and proceed on their journey.*

# THE

# ADVENTURES

OF

# *DANIEL BOONE.*

## BOOK III.

THE Queen of morn, in crimson robes array'd,
The shadow-woven curtains now withdrew
From round her roseate couch, and lifting high
Above the Orient God her blushing cheek,
Soft, amorous smiles, upon him cast, and woo'd
Him from his blazing chamber—Boone advised,
Though dappled darkness yet had not retired
From the drear dingle's, Hill-o'er shadow'd deeps,
To march forthwith on the important search.
Vulosko seconded the advice, and said,
'Twas best they should, so shape their course that day,
As at his home that evening to arrive,
Where he expected they would find Delome
With an assistant force. 'Twas so agreed;
And o'er the dew-bathed rocks they onward went.
Some miles they journey'd o'er the frowning crags

And oak-crown'd Hills; when from a glady dell
Borne on the flickering breeze, a doleful moan
Their ears alarm'd! In still suspense they stood—
It came again—Its source with cautious step
They sought, and found enveloped in stiff gore,
Exhausted, ghastly, pale, a wounded Wretch
Upon the cold and humid earth out stretch'd.
His blood-disfigur'd head he feebly rais'd,
His pain-swol'n eyes upon the strangers turn'd,
And piteously their kind relief implored.
They bore him to a distant stream, assuaged
With cooling draughts his fever-heated thirst,
The burning of his blister'd tongue allay'd,
His fester'd wounds deterg'd, and to them bound
The juicy leaves of herbs medicinal.
His languid powers in some degree revived,
They now inquired what was the hapless cause
Of his adverse condition. He replied:
My generous Benefactors, you behold
In me a man deserving direst Death!
'Tis meet, thus on Eternity's dark verge,
And soon to face the Almighty's awful bar,
That I should cease, by lies or other sin,
To add to that soul-sinking load of guilt
That burns e'en now with Hell's hot flames, my heart!
But oh kind Strangers! spare the waning spark
Which yet of my most wretched life remains;
That I may all its fervors dedicate,

To pleading with the good benevolent God,
Who heard the death-doom'd Thief, that with him hung
Upon the cruel cross, and spared the suppliant's soul."
While thus he spake, conflicting hopes, and fears,
With agitation shook, the anxious breasts
Of Melville and Vulosko. He continued.
"I once had honor, credit, wealth, and friends;
But by MISCHANCE was of my *ri-hes* robb'd
And all the rest soon fled. My creditors,
Though few were hard—they plunged me into prison;
I swore Insolvency and was released.
My Friends grew cold, and Scorn's contemptuous sneer,
And pitiless grin, my morbid heart disturb'd,
Wheree'er I went.—INTEMPERANCE promised peace;
At least some respite from oppressive pain.
I wed the infernal Prostitute, and soon,
In deepest Poverty, and Vice, was whelm'd.
To save myself from drear duress again,
A league of predatory Rogues I joined
Who in these Mountains have a crag-hid Cave
In which they live and hoard their spoils." "Oh God!"
In extacy, Vulosko cried. "Oh God!
We adore thy Mercy, thy Benignity,
All-gracious Father, humbly we adore!
Thou wilt again restore our bosom's love!
Then eager Melville thus. "Unfortunate man!
Proceed and tell the fate of that sweet Maid,
Whom late, from Happiness and Peace you tore:

Oh quickly tell!" The astonish'd wretch resumed:
"Oh Sirs! you rend my *heart* with wounds more deep
More poignantly severe than those which pain
My mangled *body*. The emotions shewn
In your expressive voice and looks, evince,
That she, the Maid whose fate you wish to learn,
Is by Affection's tender ties, to you,
In close endearment bound. It makes to me,
My shame, my infamy more horrible;
That they whom to injure most I've taken part
Are those who can such generous kindness shew!
Your *pious praise*, when painfully oppress'd
By heavy woe, the Heaven-daring sins
Of my *ungrateful* soul by contrast paints,
In colors black as Hell's Tartarean shades.
Of that unhappy Maiden's dreadful state,
I can but little say. Not far we'd gone
From the accursed spot, where first our gripe
Her lovely limbs engrasp'd; when to the charge
Of one more ruffian and myself was given
The weeping Innocent. To us belong'd,
To bear her on to the infernal den,
The magazine of our unvended spoil:
While o'er a different route our comrades sped,
A small division of our band to meet,
Who were with plunder and provisions laden,
And from the settlement a smoother way
Pursued. As through this dreary glade we impel'd

The pity-supplicating Captive on ;
My fellow-ruffian rudely shock'd her ear
With language lewd, indecent, taunting, base!
Abandon'd, guilty, harden'd as I was ;
My soul such shameful cruelty abhor'd.
I bade him *cease!* With huffish air he swore,
His tongue should never brook restraint in Hell,
Much less on earth. And as he spake he grasp'd
In his unmanner'd arms the shrieking Maid.
My Indignation rose, I seized him fast,
And broke his ruffian gripe. He drew his sword;
Mine too was instantaneously unsheathed:
With wrathful clash they met, and adverse thrusts,
From mutual wounds, brought adverse spouts of blood.
Hot raged the fray, until my dexter arm
A deep, relaxing gash received, and drop'd
Its reeking steel.—Our pistols were uncharged;
My cursed antagonist now felt secure,
And turn'd triumphantly around to claim
The beauteous TROPHY—When behold she'd fled!
His eye at *distance* caught her snowy form,
As near the margin of the open vale she sought
With timid speed, an ample laurel brake.
The rage-invigorated Demon ran
In swift pursuit, although with the red streams
Which issued from his wounds, his foot-steps smoked.
But ere the glade's bloom-purpled edge he reach'd
She pierc'd the mazy thickets virent gloom.

He disappear'd—No more I saw or heard."
"Oh then," Vulosko ardently exclaim'd
"Perhaps my darling daughter has escaped
The stygian pit which threaten'd to engulph
Her mortal peace! Oh God! she yet may live
Beneath thy hallow'd wing protected, safe
From Hell's horrific fiends! Let's haste, my friends!
Hope whispers sweetly to my sorrowing heart!
O! if she has eluded the pursuit
Of her Satanic foe, she may e'en now
Beneath the shelter of her humble home,
Or in the solitary forest-shade,
Be pouring Gratitude, to that great God,
To whom, her kind deliverance she owes.
As speedily as possible, let's learn
Her situation; if in these mountain-wilds
She wanders lost; although a paradise
Compared to the tartarean den she scap'd;
A thousand terrors yet must agitate
Her timid heart, and render quick relief
Supremely grateful. But, which Heaven forbid!
But, if she groans a victim to the power
Of those predaceous Villains; Hell itself,
Could scarce her pain augment, or render aid
More needful. Then 'tis meet that every nerve
Should to the tardy task exertion lend,
Of bearing hence this wounded, hapless man!"
Of flexile boughs a litter soon they wove,

And onward bore the penitential wretch.—
From the commanding summit of a ridge,
Whose cloud-impaling pinnacles o'erlook
The wide-expanded stretch of all the Hills
Between the Atlantic and Pacific Seas,
He pointed to their view the craggy mound
In which the Robbers had their dark abode.—
Just as the sun his flaming face had bow'd
Behind the Alleganean peaks, they reach'd
Vulosko's lowly cottage. There Delome
In waiting with a little host they found;
But no Melcena's animating smile
The Father's and the Lover's hopes confirm'd.
In converse on the theme of high concern
The melancholy evening linger'd off,
And Night to necessary rest was given.
At morning's dewy dawn the dauntless band
Arose innerv'd; resolved ere night to burst
The infernal bolts that bar'd the rock-arch'd gate,
Through which to their dark subterranean den
The hellish plunderers pass'd. Old Ralph was left
To nurse Vonploor, the wounded Penitent;
From whom directions were obtain'd, by which
Our Heroes best the horrid cave could find.
Before the flaming wings of flying Day,
Had from the mountain's breezy summit brush'd
The morning's sparkling dews, the midway steeps,
With vigorous tread, the little phalanx scaled:

And as the culminating orb of noon,
Roll'd blazing on the equinoctial plane,
Their breasts they bent high o'er the steepy KNOBS,
Of the rough Robber-sheltering RIDGE's side.
When its cloud-shouldering summit they attain'd
In consultation on a shaded rock
They sat; and lo! before them; wildly pale,
Her dark-brown, breeze-buoy'd locks, disorder'd, loose,
Swift-gliding through the storm-dismember'd shrubs,
And thunder-riven rocks, in torn attire,
The lost, the unexpected MAID appeared!
Vulosko cried, "GREAT GOD! MY CHILD! MY CHILD!"
And Melville too exclaim'd aloud, MY LOVE!
MY DEAR MELCENA! HOLY GOD OF HEAVEN,
MY ANGEL LIVES! And both with phrenzied joy
And rapturous agitation ran to meet
The sweet transported Maid; who heard and knew
The dear-remembered voice; and speechless met
Their loved embrace—A soul-entrancing scene,
A warmly-melting time of tenderest joy
Of Heaven-infused, o'erwhelming bliss, it was!
Adown Vulosko's sorrow-channel'd cheek
The tears of fond paternal extacy
In rills translucent stream'd—In thrilling trance
Both Melville and Melcena sweetly wept.
The silent transports, the delicious gush
Of their fond meeting o'er; first having told
What information from Vonploor they'd gain'd;

With ardent eagerness, the doating Father
And tender Lover tremblingly inquired,
What horrors, pains and fears she'd undergone,
Since the disastrous hour that ruffian hands,
With hellish violence, her angel limbs
Engrasp'd. The languid Beauty thus replied.
"My dear, my ever kind affectionate friends!
The God whose thunder smites these ragged rocks,
His holy power has kindly interposed
To save me from the most unhappy doom
That Demons could devise, than *dreadest death*
A thousand times more dire!
The steely clash
No sooner had commenced between Vonploor
And the infuriate fiend with whom he fought,
Than from them with my utmost speed I fled.
By crouching closely to the mossy earth,
Deep in the laurel brake's anfractuous maze,
The conquering Villain's curs'd pursuit I scaped.
Enchanting as a blooming paradise
The gloomy desert then to me appeared.
But still to annoy my fluttering bosom's peace,
My Melville's fate and Father's frantic woe
Continually were present to my mind.
For much I feared my Love's impetuous steed
With furious rage had dashed him on the rocks.
Or burst his head against some fatal tree.—
As Night from the deep dingles darkening rose,

Forth from a thousand dreary caverns crept
Her bestial brood. From hill to hill their howl
And blood-congealing cries were wildly pour'd—
Now scatter'd widely o'er the murky waste,
The glare-eyed Prowlers vent their echoing yells—
Now gather'd in terrific groupes they growl,
They grin and gnash their teeth, while glyns and hills
Reverberate the wild vociferous sounds.
In unremitted dread the livelong night
I pass'd: each moment menaced me with death.
The panting Wolves and whining Panthers paced
Almost incessantly around the spot,
Where 'till the rise of dawn I trembling lay.—
The morning beams drove to their dismal dens
The deathful herds.—I rose, in hopes ere night
To find the path that would conduct me home:
But what direction I had best pursue
I did not know. For all around me, spread
A frowning forest, mountainous and vast,
In which my senses were bewildered, lost.
The cheering sun *seem'd* in the *south* to rise
And change his blazing orbit towards the North.
Hood-wink'd *Conjecture* was my only guide;
She pointed out her way, and on I went,
Slow-winding through the laurel-tangled brakes,
And o'er the lofty, rough, and rock-brow'd hills,
But found my blind conductress led me wrong.
Again the day-beams ceas'd to illume the wilds;

Again the night in sleepless fear I pass'd.
Another morning shone, another day
Roll'd tediously away; again the shades
Of howling darkness hung upon the Hills,
And found me still bewildered in the waste.
The air was warm, *exhausted* Nature claimed
The renovating aid of friendly rest.
I rak'd beneath a rock a couch of leaves,
On which my wearied system sunk to sleep;
The Owl's drear hoot, the Wolf's distressful howl
Invaded not my dream-disturb'd repose.—
Until the sunny streams of smiling day
Pour'd warmly on my dew-damp'd cheek, I slept.
I then arose, and wandered on again
Almost despairing e'er to find the path,
Or pass the wildering Forest's frightful bounds:
Not distant hence, more than a mile or two;
As o'er the steeps of this stupendous ridge
I clambered, lo! among the rudest cliffs
Which crown its craggy brow, all red with blood,
The horrid Villains, whose infernal hands
First drag'd me from your tender love, I saw!
From the huge body of some slaughter'd Beast,
The smoking hide they tore—With shuddering fear
Their dread vicinity I quickly fled,
And had not yet my trembling flight relax'd,
When your enrapturing voice announced relief
From all the horrors that appall'd my soul.

O my dear friends! your presence pours a flood
Of sweet felicity upon my heart;
And thence has swept away the waves
Of dark and terrible Despair, which drown'd
My Hopes, and bred DISTRACTION'S lizard Brood
In crawling myriads through my dreary Breast!
Since we departed from thy Father's House
My Melville! no refreshing nourishment
Beside the mountain-stream has touch'd my lips."
"Excuse, excuse, my dear!" in tenderest tones,
The weeping Melville hastily exclaim'd;
Our seeming negligence. O'er-powering joy
At meeting thus our Love alive, unharm'd!
And anxious eagerness to hear detail'd
The scenes through which you pass'd, our souls absorb'd;
And all attention to your present wants
Precluded. She aver'd the joy express'd
In their endearing extacy, convey'd
A more enlivening comfort to her heart,
Than all the pleasures which the sensual world
Could give, and that she felt keen Hunger's tooth
As little then, as when they left Delome's,
So had their presence *fill'd* with bliss her soul!
Vulosko, while she spake, spread on a rock
Moss-carpeted, the little store of food
Their scrip supplied, and bade his daughter eat.
Boone now advised without delay to march
And seize or slay the Robbers ere again

Their Den they enter'd :—all forthwith agreed.—
Melcena pointed out their course, and on
They hasten'd leaving her behind in care
Of Melville and Vulosko, who both burn'd
To aid in the avengement of her woes.
But through her tender importunities
Supported by the united voice of all,
They were at length prevail'd upon to stay.
The little host soon reach'd the craggy piles
Which shelter'd the predaceous band, and soon
They saw the Ruffians closely clustering round
A butcher'd Buffalo, with reeking arms
Deep plunging in the dead Beast's bloody bowels.
While thus the unsuspecting Villains plied
Their sanguinary work; our Heroes ken'd
The entrance of their subterraneous Den,
And secretly its open Gate approach'd.
'Twas not their wish the guilty fiends to kill;
But sieze and offer them a sacrifice
To offended JUSTICE, on the sacred Altar
Of stern impartial LAW.—With this intent,
Perceiving that the Robbers were unarm'd;
A part remain'd to guard the gate, and part
Crept slyly on to seize the unwary foe—
When from behind the intervening rocks
The Ruffians saw the approaching band emerge;
They wildly ran for refuge towards the wood,
Whose gloomy borders bound the southern side

Of the stupendous, rock-built Battlements.
Our Heroes follow'd on in swift pursuit;
And as the Villains raised a craggy ledge,
Boone and Delome gave word to *Fire!* and Hills
And Ravines with the death-fraught thunders roar'd,
And all the flying Wretches fell, save five.
These were pursued, and *three* were quickly seized.
So fast their unarrested fellows fled
That all fell short in the pursuit save Boone—
He unfatigued and ardent, drop'd his Gun and pouch,
And, like the springing Stag, with vigorous speed
Press'd swiftly on, and drew at every bound
Still nearer to the straining Caitiffs' heels.
They chang'd their course, and sought by stratagem
Their fleet pursuer's valorous life to end—
The mighty mountain broke abruptly off
Near by; and form'd a precipice immense,
Of awful height, and aspect rough and dark.
To its rock-frowning verge the Ruffians ran;
And wheeling round, sprang furiously at Boone;
Who, so impetuous was his keen pursuit,
Had not the dread abyss discern'd, but met
Their rageful might! In vigorous grapplement
Upon the dizzy brink, with equal power
A while they tugg'd; but soon with forceful blow,
Boone fell'd the stoutest Ruffian to the ground,
And ere *he* rose, precipitately down
The dreadful steep his *fellow demon* hurl'd

From crag to crag with headlong force he fell;
His blood and brains bespattering, as he smote
Their jutting points—His horrid dying groan
And last tremendous curse were vented, ere
His batter'd body sunk one third the gulph.
Aghast, through the wild gloom, his haggard ghost
All horror-giddy flew, while round it wheel'd,
Like hungry Condors round their fluttering prey,
In clattering circles, claw-stretch'd, skinny, fierce,
Grim flocks of Hell's black Imps, a dire escort!
And drag'd it screaming to their dark Domains!
With ease, Boone managed now the *prostrate* Wretch;
Behind his back his brawny hands he bound,
And forced him on, to where his fellow fiends,
Some dead, some gasping out their dying breath,
And others miserably participant
Of his own frightful but deserved fate,
Lay gory on the blood-encrimson'd rocks—
To animate the triumphs of the day,
Delome in haste a messenger dispatch'd,
To bring Vulosko and the enamor'd pair:
Who soon arrived and hail'd their Friends' success—
To explore the murky cavern's rock-arch'd vaults,
Now the united band in haste prepare.
With glaring flambeaux down its dark descent
They pass'd—a gloomy dank and drear abode
It was; which suited well a murderer's soul!
Its darkness seem'd from stygian dungeons drawn:

A thousand elfish ECHOES muttering deep,
With mincing mockery issued back each sound
That floated through the gloom. With Wizard GROANS,
And grinning GNOMES, to Fancy's phrenzied ear
And wild distorted eye, the darksome Den
Seem'd thickly fill'd.—Broad horror-sounding sheets
Of Petrifaction, from the arches hung;
To which the trembling hand of timid FEAR
Would cautiously approach; lest some rude touch
Might shake their hoarsely-hollow ringings forth;
And rouse the fierce, fire-belching Monsters up,
The red-eyed FURIES, and grim Dragons huge,
To fill with yellings, slaughter, flames and blood,
With sulphurous stench, and rock-convulsing roar,
The subterranean clefts, and thundering vaults!——
When to the dark declivity's extreme,
They wound their way a level *room* received
Within its vast caliginous expanse,
The adventurous Heroes. Here they saw the spoils
Of many a midnight pillage, rudely stored.
Here rusted rifles, blood-stain'd scimitars,
And numerous horrid implements of Death,
On every hand promiscuously appeared.
Huge, shaggy Bear-skins, brindled Buffalo-hides,
The long-prong'd Antlers of the slaughter'd Elk,
The Wolf's grim jaws, the Panther's spotted pelt,
And paws, and horns, and claws, and bones, and sculls,
And all the gore-smear'd spoils that crown the chace,

Were seen uncouthly strewn around.
And here with Gold and Silver coinage filled,
Two wooden coffers stood; the hellish hoard
Of horrid Homicidal villainy!
Through each compartment, nook, and noisome cell
Having now the ruffian residence explored,
Our Heroes thence the treasur'd pelf removed;
And into equal parcels so arranged,
That with facility it might be borne,
To where their future pleasure should direct.
They next the corses of the Caitiffs slain,
Deposit in the dank and rayless Den,
And change their habitation to a grave!—
The sun had now his daily round perform'd,
And Twilight riding o'er the mountain peaks,
In her soft dusky Car, the starry gems
That beautify her concave Canopy
Disclosed, and warn'd our Heroes to prepare
A lodging for the Night. An ample Tent, [spread;
With broad-leaf'd boughs and beech-wood bark o'er
In which the ruffian Robbers sometimes lodg'd,
Stood near the cavern's mouth; a shelter snug
From rains and dewy damps. Our Heroes there,
To pass the Night prepared. A row of Lamps,
Suspended from the ridge-pole of the tent,
Were lighted, and the prisoners well secured:
Then all to rest resign'd. Around the place,
Mild Slumber shed her sweet nectarean dews;

On every eye the honied droppings fell,
Except the restless Captives'—They, nor sleep,
Nor one alleviating pause from pain,
Experienced through the lingering lead-wing'd Night.
Some hours in calm repose the Sleepers pass'd;
But ere one half of her nocturnal course
The ceaselessly revolving globe had roll'd;
A deep impetuous burst of thunder fell
With awful fury on their startled ears;
And dreaming Fancy's silken finery tore,
And all her glittering glassy fabrics broke.
The awaken'd Slumberers rose—With raging roar
The winds lash'd to and fro the crashing trees.
As black as collied exhalations, hung
Thick hovering o'er the howling Hills, a Cloud
Tumultuous, huge. Like Niagara's flood,
As down the foaming steep abrupt it sinks,
The fury-agitated tempest roar'd.
Along its black convolving billows blaz'd,
The barbed flashes of electric flame.
Down through the accumulating masses roll'd,
With *louder* violence, the vollied peals.
Great Allegany's towering turrets rock'd;
The forest monsters whined, and howl'd with fear—
Imagination's wide-expanded eye,
Beheld the awful Angel of the storm,
In black tempestuous terrors thickly clothed;
Fierce lashing with tremendous wings the clouds,

And rolling through the glooms, the flaming balls
Of dreadful lightning—Now descending down
The storm, in the hoarse thunder's circling gurge,
Now rising swiftly up the murky Vast,
The furious Genius cleaves the broad expanse,
And drives against the Hills from either wing,
Repeated blasts of desolating STORM,
With bolted vengeance charg'd; uprooting towers
Of rocks, and tearing trees wide-branching, huge,
From their old beds. Around the Cavern's mouth,
In every sweeping gust, the cries and groans
Of woe-distracted ghosts seem'd wildly mixed.
From their big reservoirs, the ponderous clouds
Wide o'er the Hills, a streaming deluge pour'd;
From cliffs to cliffs the tumbling torrents gush'd,
And turgent, down the distant dingles roar'd.
While thus throughout the elemental world,
The violent tumultuation raged,
And ghostly horrors seem'd to howl around;
A ghastly Figure gore-grim'd, tall, and wan,
Came limping to the entrance of the Tent
And instantly fled back! Each Hero's hand
Engrasp'd his Gun, each eye gaz'd on the gloom,
And by the lightning's coruscation saw,
The meagre miscreant enter the drear Den.
They lighted by a lamp, a faggot huge,
And Boone led on through the sepulchral vaults
The perilous pursuit. At every step,

Rough clattering thunders shook the impending rocks.
With rude disruption and disordering crash
Were menaced, the stupendous shuddering walls,
And roaring arches! Grisly grin'd around
The ruffian Corses, pallid, swollen, stiff!
Death-damps upon their dismal visages
With spectral beams, and livid glimmerings shone.
The affrighted WRETCH, as on our Heroes press'd,
The gore-incrusted carcases beheld:
Fear-quaking, to the farthest nook he crept;
The shallow current of his veins was chill'd.
All wildly horrent stood his creeping hair!
His swollen protruded eyes with horror stared;
Convulsively his cracking teeth were clench'd,
And all his limbs with chilly shudderings shook!
At the pursuers' feet o'erpowered he fell.
They bore him thence, and found he was the Wretch,
Who with Vonploor his hellish arm had tried!
His strength by hunger, wounds, and waste of blood
So weaken'd was, that from the hour he fail'd
To o'ertake the lovely Maid, his languid limbs
To reach the Cave, their utmost force had plied.
But not until this night of awful gloom,
At the drear place arrived. The Lightning's blaze
Illumed the rugged way, and gave him power
The destin'd spot to find.—The wearied band
First having given the Wretch some nourishment
And bound him fast, the care-dispelling God

Of mild repose again invoked.—The storm
Had now begun to wear a calmer face—
Far distant in the flashing firmament
Its muttering fulminations died away—
The imagined horrors of the scene had flown,
And through the chasms of disuniting clouds,
The stellar sparklers peep'd; as if to spy
By furtive glance the ravage of the storm.
The bright nocturnal Goddess drew aside
Her vapoury veil, and smiled upon the world!
When through the morning's floating fogs, the sun
His earliest tints diffused, the Heroes rose;
And o'er the twinkling Hills transported, hied
Until again Vulosko's home they reach'd.
Serenely cheerful every face appear'd,
Except the guilty Captives'; theirs a gloom
Of melancholy sullenness o'ercast;
And so reluctantly they march'd along,
That all their steps with leaden weights seem'd clog'd.
In custody of the assistant band
Brought by Delome, they all, except Vonploor,
To prison were convey'd; there to remain
Until his convalescence gave him power,
As "*witness for the State*," before the bar
Of injured Justice to appear, and prove
The guilt of his more criminal colleagues.
When at the lowly mansion had arriv'd
The little phalanx, good Delome proposed

To accelerate the nuptial rites,
That Boone and his companions might partake
The sweet festivities; and all agreed.
Old Ralph was to the settlement dispatch'd,
With orders to invite their youthful friends,
And bring the holy Priest. Three days elapsed
And lo! the brilliant bridal Guests appear'd!
A fine umbrageous arbor had been form'd,
In which, the Hymeneal rites to solemnize.
Its foliaged Canopy, and sun-excluding sides,
With all the flowery beauties of the Hills,
Melcena and her skilful servant maids
Had richly hung, and gracefully adorn'd.
The Sweet-brier rose, and Honey-suckle flower,
The *crimson* lilly, Heart's-ease, Jessamine,
And Cowslip interwove in wild festoons,
Around the bower Edenian odours breathed.
From end to end a sylvan table stood,
With sumptuous viands spread, and mantling Wines.
Delicious mountain dainties nicely dress'd,
Were there—sweet, Pheasant Venison and Trout.
Around the rocky wilds the gaysome guests
Awhile with wonder gaz'd, unknown to them
What charms could bind Vulosko's heart to scenes,
With rude unsocial Solitude so clothed.
But soon the genial flow of virtuous mirth,
Their first reflections from their minds dispersed,
And calm convivial converse charm'd their hearts,

And made the *Mountain* bower a *Paradise!*
The slumbering raptures of their juvenile joys,
The Lovers' hoary-templed Fathers felt,
By memory's potent impulse warmly waked.
A flash, of virtuous Pleasure's vivid flame
Vulosko's sorrow-clouded breast illumed,
And kindled in his eye the sparkling beams
Of tender animation. Heaven's bright face
Serenely shed its sunny smiles around,
And the wild Songsters sung through all the wood
Ten thousand strains of mountain Melody.
On pinions plumed with Pleasure's purest down
The happy evening pass'd. The bridal pair
In silent extacy sat side by side,—
The flush of Love, warm on their meeting cheeks,
Its finely erubescent tints diffused.
Mild, languid emanations from their eyes
Of sweet expressive blue, effusive flow'd:
Soul-breathing kisses, secretly they quaff'd
From love-dew'd lips. Their hands in mutual clasp,
Were glowingly embraced. In unison,
With transport's melting thrill, their pulses throb'd;
And every breath was incense to the God
Of nuptial bliss. The hour at length arrived
In which, the coronation of their love
The Venerable Priest was to perform;
With mild solemnity the sacred task
Divinely he achiev'd. The gleeful guests

Epithalamiums sang and festive lays
Until the jocund evening closed.
Next morn
Boone and his gallant comrades bade adieu
To the convivial Bevy, and resumed
Their mountain march. Vulosko's grateful heart
Felt SORROW's gush with PLEASURE's currents mix,
While Boone's affectionate hand he press'd, and pray'd,
That holy Heaven would give protective power
To him and his magnanimous colleagues.—
At parting with such *noble-hearted* friends,
Melcena and her Melville too, were sad,
And every face in sympathetic gloom
Was wrap'd.—The affecting valediction o'er,
The innocent festivities again,
In all their harmless rapture were renew'd.
The venerable Vulosko and Delome
With joy, the juvenile jollity survey'd;
And edified at intervals, with virtuous lore
And sage remarks, on Nature, Books, and Man,
The taintless minds of the attentive youth.

# THE

# ADVENTURES

OF

# DANIEL BOONE.

## BOOK IV.

## ARGUMENT.

*INVOCATION to the Muse.* 1 *to* 21. *Boone and his associates reach the summit of the farthest ledge of mountains. Reflections and anticipations enkindled by the prospect of Kentucky. They thence descend into her valleys. Description of Scenery.* 22 *to* 115. *The Natives, stimulated by infernal excitement, are furiously exasperated at their presence.* 115 *to* 159. *Boone and Stewart taken prisoners; after several days detention, they escape, but find their Camp plundered and their Comrades fled.* 160 *to* 227. *They prepare another shelter, in which, after some time, they are found by two other Adventurers; one of whom is Boone's Brother. Through him, they derive intelligence from Carolina, and from Vulosko.* 228 *to* 364 *Stewart murdered while on a hunting excursion—An Apostrophe to him.* 365 *to* 441. *Sorrow of the surviving Heroes—Winter and its concomitant horrors described—Magnanimity of Boone—His philosophic remarks to his Brother—Their industry through the Winter.* 442 *to* 497. *Spring----Boone's Brother returns to the Settlement---Reflections of Boone, excited by the solitude in which he was immersed----The sources of his consolation----Interesting Phenomena of Nature.* 498 *to* 609. *His exemption from Fear----Diversified Beauties and picturesque grandeur of the Wilderness and its Rivers----Retrospective contemplations, arising from their view.* 610*to* 744. *Perilous incident, and fortunate escape.*

# THE

# ADVENTURES

OF

# *DANIEL BOONE.*

## BOOK IV.

INSPIRE, immortal Spirits of the West!
With bolder energies my Muse's wing,
And light with stronger flame her tender eye,
That she unwearied o'er the loftiest ridge
That stretches in her frightful way may soar,
And, while she soars, the wide stupendous Wilds
Throughout with lynxean penetration pierce.
And that she may in lays seraphic sing
The wonders of the numerous scenes she sees,
Her song with *thy* own sweetness melodize.
And thou my Muse! with wildly melting grace,
Strike softly from the angel-woven wires,
Of POESY's bright HARP, sweet flowing strains;
To celebrate the gently sportive CHARMS
That spread their beauties through the blooming *West*;
And from the *deep-ton'd* chords their thundering notes,

With daring sweep arouse, till lofty song
The *bold* sublimity of the *new world*
Harmoniously proclaim; and loud resound
The bloody brunts of the first Western Wars,
And brave intrepid Boone's adventurous deeds.
Swift on, o'er the rude-featured Wilderness
The sinewy sons of Enterprise proceed.
Lo! now the farthest mountain-ledge they scale,
And from its breezy summit raptured see,
Kentucky's rolling Hills and broad Campaigns!
Prophetic transports thrill'd their kindling hearts,
Unwonted ebullitions warm'd their blood,
And God's Omnipotence and Wisdom waked
Profoundest adoration in their souls;
As in continued prospect, they beheld
Green-mantled GROVES and blossom-tinted KNOLLS,
Extending coextensive with the ken
Of their wide-ranging Vision, and survey'd
Through *prescient* FANCY'S telescopic tube,
Republic-Institutions rising round
The rich EXPANSE, beneath the angelic aid,
OF CONQUEST-CROWN'D COLUMBIAN LIBERTY!
The wearisome asperities at length
Of Alleganean Battlements they pass,
And o'er the bloom-enamel'd vallies speed.
In sweet confusion, Nature's changeful charms
On every herb and spray hung loosely round,
And fill'd the waving Groves and odorous air,

And at each step in thicker plenty bloom'd:
Until before their fascinated eyes,
In careless pomp, great NATURE'S GARDEN, deck'd
With all the flecker'd pride of Paradise,
Its countless beauties spread.
The liquid lays
Of wild-wood warblers unimbibed before
By polish'd ear, in quavering rivulets stream'd,
From thousand-thousand plumy tubes around.
And as if Nature here her grand Menage
Had proudly fix'd; *innumerous* animals,
Of *numerous* kinds and various sizes, roam'd
In wild profusion through the rustling woods.
Dark-spreading droves of browsing Buffalos ranged
The mazy regions; slowly-marching now,
And pausing oft, beneath the pendent shade
They fought the flies, and cropt the juicy Cane:
Now priding in their empire uncontrol'd,
And glorying in the power of conscious might,
With sullen sportiveness they headlong cleave
The crackling brakes, and wildly rushing on,
Like a dark hurricane, the *bladed* groves,
The flowering plants, and virent herbage crush,
And shake with thundering sweep the sounding Hills.
In stately majesty the towering Elks
On every hand high-bounding, shook aloft
Their wide-diverging Antlers, snuffing strong
In every flying breeze the Strangers' breath;

And dashing over Hill and Brake and Copse,
Reverting oft a glance of timid wonder, sought
Security in gloom of deeper wilds.
In countless herds, the fleetest Quadruped
That treads Columbia's vast uncultured plains,
The agile fine-limb'd Deer, gave beauty, life,
And *fascination* to the wild-wood scenes.
Now in the high-grown shrubbery of the glade,
They lave their glossy sides, and sip the dew
Bright-glistening on the sweet exuberant flowers;
Or nip the savoury leaves and tender moss,
Which constitute, with their green-shady tints
The variegated Picture's beauteous *ground*.
Now, sheltered from the strong-descending blaze
Of noon-tide sunshine, *they* in mild repose,
Beneath broad-foliag'd boughs lie closely couch'd
On lairs of cooling grass, while round them sport,
In nimble frisky glee, their spotted brood.
Innumerous other more ferocious Beasts,
Gregarious some, but solitary most,
The deserts ranged; and through the thickets skulk'd,
Distaining many a *Green* with guiltless blood,
And holding the gramnivorous tribes in awe.
At length Red River's rich cane-border'd banks
Our Heroes reach'd; and there a shelter form'd
For a Nocturnal *lodge* and screen from storms.
They thence to explore the fruitful regions round
Excursions daily made, and oft the marks

Of sanguinary savages descried.
But unappall'd, with still increasing zeal
The wonder-waking wilds they deeper pierced;
Kentucky's rock-brow'd, frowning banks soon pass'd,
And over uplands plains and streams advanced,
'Till great Ohio's mellow shores they trode;
And saw with joy sublime, the PRINCELY TIDE
Devolve his silvery billows towards the Sea.
There oft the tawny tenants of the wood
To them in fierce and frightful groups appeared:
Now chasing through the brakes the bounding game,
Now driving o'er the stream the shapeless raft,
Or angling in the eddying deeps for fish.
But cautiously our Heroes shun'd their ken;
For every gang was arm'd complete.
The Hosts
Of Hell's infernal Empire had descried
The CONVOCATION of the Angelic Powers,
And through their emissaries ascertained
Its great design.—Their black tartarean hearts
With boiling gall o'erflow'd;—Hell's sulphury fires
Not hotter burn'd, than rag'd the demon flames
That heated up the furnace of their Breasts!
By all the purity of Heaven they swore,
And by Damnation's pitchy gulphs, to thwart
If in their power, the humanizing views
Of the Celestial Council; and forthwith
By subtle process, through the savage souls,

The poison of malignant passions pour'd,
And all their fury roused against the WHITES.
M'Bride and Findley and their valiant bands,
Who erst had visited in friendly guise
The "DARK AND BLOODY GROUND;" first waked the fire
Of Indian jealousy; which now the Fiends
Of nether darkness fed with secret fuel,
And fan'd into a flame of furious rage.
To FANTASIES transform'd, in midnight dreams,
They crouded Wizard-Horrors through the brain
Of the fierce Natives, representing Death
As whetting the "LONG KNIFE" to exterminate
Their tribes, while from its mighty blade huge streams
Of Indian blood in smoking sluices gush'd!
They saw their Groves and flowery Forests fall,
And desolating Conflagrations sweep
Their cany Vales and wig-wam Villages.
They saw their Deer, their Bears and Buffalos die,
And swarms of Whitemen covering all the plains,
Which from great Allegany's base extend,
To where MISSOURI's thundering surges roll!
The presence of our Heroes in their land,
With tenfold dread their bloody VISIONS fill'd,
And kindling fierce resistance in their hearts,
Roused old and young of every tribe to arms.
To avert despair, and give the Indian's ire
A livelier effervescence; Hell's dire powers
With the *ill-omen'd* Visions, *others* mix'd

Of more *auspicious* aspect; Sachems Seers,
And all the ORACLES of Savage Faith,
With the *conflicting* Fantasies were fill'd.
In almost constant evagation, Boone
And his companions pass'd the summer tide;
Eluding every effort of the Foe,
To Sacrifice them to his BLOODY GOD.
The Hyperborean breath of Brumal winds,
Began the autumnal blooms and gossamer,
To scatter through the air and russet groves;
And still uninjured, the Adventurers brav'd
The dangers of the unreclaim'd domain.
But now the time of trouble and distress,
Of Cruelty, of Stratagem, and Death
Began to roll in view its bloody glooms.
One morning Boone, accompanied by his friend
And bold Companion Stewart, left their Camp
And Comrades, and with unmolested march,
O'er mellow Bottoms and rich Hills progress'd;
Until the broad-spread, gold-embellish'd skirts
Of the red sun, hung blazing in the trees.— [groves,
Through grass-crown'd glades and grape-empurpled
Through forests with deep-flecker'd fruits adorn'd,
And fragrance of sweet fading flowers perfumed
In animating transports they had pass'd.—
As on the breezy brow of a small hill,
Entranced with admiration's glow they stood,
No fear or vexing passion in their breasts;

A savage herd rush'd from a neighboring brake,
And clutch'd their noble limbs. Their day of Woe
Was dawning now. But all the darksome glooms
Of its disastrous morn, could not appall
The dauntless Prisoners. Valor buoy'd their souls
Above complaint, and patriot VIRTUES taught,
How the hot vengeance of the savage heart
To soothe.—Conciliating meekness, mix'd
With manly dignity, their actions mark'd;
And mild Hilarity her smiles diffused
Like Summer sunshine o'er their winning cheeks.
In rigid thraldom seven days they pass'd;
Mean while engaged, the savage Jealousies,
Suspicions, Animosities and Wrath,
Against the white Americans to extirp.
So far our noble Captives had success;
The rigor of their bondage was relax'd,
And they permitted to repose unbound,
In the Nocturnal lodge. As there one Night
On fur-skin beds they lay, in wildest depth
Of a Cane thicket; Boone, perceiving Sleep
Its death-resembling seal had deeply stamp'd
On every savage eye; and apprehensive lest
A larger and less lenient band might soon
Become of their precarious Destiny
The Arbiters, if the auspicious chance
Then offering an escape was not embraced;
With gentle touch his slumbering Comrade wak'd;

And off with light and speedy steps they stole,
Through the anfractuous brake, in whose dark maze
They wandered on, till Night's dim-beaming lamps
In Morn's wide-flowing floods of flame were quench'd.
They then in haste to their old Camp return'd,
And found it plundered and their Comrades gone!
The tawny foe had driven them thence, and they
Believing their adventurous Chief was slain,
And fearing friendless Winter might combine,
Through medium of his trace-betraying snows,
Or otherwise, with the red foe to yield them
Into the blood-reeking hand of grisly Death,
Conceived it prudent to tread back the Wilds
To Carolina's civilized abodes,
And therefore thither steer'd.

In hunting Deer
And reconnoitring the New World, still Boone
And Stewart the unwasted hours employed:
First having rear'd on other ground, a Hut
To screen them from fierce Winter's freezing storms.

Oft from our HERO's eye, the tears of Love
Translucent drop'd, as sleepless Memory glanced
On his dear wife and babes and distant Home.
But the SUPPORTING ANGEL, still his heart
With spirit-strengthening fortitude inspired,
And warm'd him with the fires of virtuous Fame.

Now Winter roll'd from the bleak Northern skies,
His cloudy tempests towards the warmer West;

While Winds howl'd hoarsely through the bladed brakes,
And circumscribed within less ample bounds,
The bold Adventurers' quotidian tours.
As in their Camp one cold and blustering day,
Fire-warm'd they sat, retracing on the Map
Of honest memory, the deep-color'd lines
Of juvenile life, and sweet domestic joy;
A crackling in the tangled cane they heard,
And springing to the entrance of their tent,
Two Whitemen spied, whom soon they recognized,
And with the enraptured voice of transport hail'd.
For lo! our HERO's Brother and a Friend
Were there! The joy of elevated souls,
Enliven'd and enhanced by all the powers
Which can to bliss its highest zest impart,
The unexpected interview sublimed.
The dreadful dangers lurking in each nook
Of the terrific waste, and all the clouds
Of adverse fortune which had gloom'd their peace
Since their arrival in the Wilderness,
Were now forgotten. The glad news of Health
In his dear family, with thankful tears
Boone's eyes suffused. Awhile with the warm gush
Of tender-thrilling extacy o'erwhelm'd,
In silence round his weeping Brother's neck,
With him exchanging happiest looks, he hung:—
And then his children one by one he named,
Enquiring eagerly for each, and heard

With all a Father's fond solicitude,
Their several little messages of Love.
The welfare of his Neighbors, and his Friends,
With the *condition* of his COUNTRY, claim'd
Successively his warm inquiring zeal.
His brother satisfied with ardent haste,
His strong affection-born anxieties;
And then described the influence of that power
Which acted on himself, ere *he* the scenes
Of social joy resign'd, to embark his fate
On that rough-rolling sea of Enterprise,
Whose bloody Surges heaved by Passion's storms,
And foaming underneath the boding shades
Of Death's dark Banners, threaten'd to o'erwhelm
Whate'er approach'd their desolate Domain.
He on his way had seen the good Delome,
Who a complete recital to him gave
Of all the circumstances relative
To the LOST MAID: and then a servant sent
To lead him to Vulosko's humble dome,
Where Hospitality's benign salute
Received him at the door. Melcena view'd
With kind discerning glance the unknown guest,
For in his lofty countenance she mark'd
A nameless play of mind, a mingled glow
Of sensibility and mental strength,
Resembling strongly what she oft had seen
In Daniel Boone's fine intellectual face!

She told her Melville what she saw: he smiled,
Believing it mere female fantasy;
But her superior perspicatiousness
Was soon compell'd to own. Vulosko read
Aloud a letter from his friend Delome,
Which introduced them to their gallant Guest.
From their warm lips benignant welcomes flow'd,
And melting Friendship glow'd within their hearts.
Majestic Melville's speaking look assumed
An air of more expressive tenderness;
And sweet Melcena's eyes of beaming blue
A lovelier livelier animation shed.
Her venerable Father grasp'd the hand
Of the vivacious visitant, and pray'd
That Heaven's Omnipotence would shield his life
From shafts of savage Inhumanity;
And aid his glorious efforts to extend
Refinement's humanizing flame, until
Like lambent day it spread through all the West.
"You have a brother," said the white-lock'd Sire,
"Whose arm the Battle's thundering bolt can wield,
Whose mind can kindle splendors in the shades
Of Savage Night, and make the gloomy throne
Of barbarous Ignorance fall beneath its powers:
Whose heart is Pity's altar, Virtue's shrine,
And Valor's empire!—Find him ere you rest,
And league your fate with his; convey to him
Vulosko's love!—His kind and manly worth

Is stamp'd indelibly upon my heart.
Inform him that the narrow Horizon
Of my descending Sun of life is clear;
Except that now and then a sombre cloud
From MEMORY's melancholy pool exhaled,
Athwart it throws a temporary gloom.
For I had once a Wife! and two dear Sons!—
She and my eldest son were snatch'd away
By the authorized Destroyer Death. But James,
My manly James! Was torn from me, was slain
By sanguinary men!—by cursed Choctaws!"
He paused a while and deeply sighing wiped
His tear-steep'd eyes; then cast a brightening glance
At Melville and his blooming spouse, and thank'd
Benevolent Heaven that still he had a SON,
To cheer the Wintry Season of old age,
To pillow up his dying head, and weep
Upon his grave.—He now the subject changed;
And shew'd his guest the wounded wretch Vonploor,
Who still was balanced in the dubious scales
Of Life and Death.—With these benignant friends
One Night Our HERO's noble Brother pass'd,
Then bade farewel, and travel'd on to meet
Upon the designated Mountain peak,
His enterprising friend and brave Compeer,
Who from Delome's a different rout he'd gone,
To find a Hunting band that was encamp'd,
Among the mighty mountains' howling glooms.

Again conjoin'd; the adventurers held their way,
Until Kentucky's woody plains they reach'd,
Where rambling on, at length they came by chance,
In hearing of our HERO's cane-hid Camp.
In pleasure's *manly* sports, some pleasant weeks
The little cheerful company now pass'd.
But Joy alas! is oft the Harbinger
Of sorrow—Pain delights to dart his sting,
Into the breast that beats with transport's throb:
And Death oft drinks, as if a sweeter draught,
The life whose currents roll with smoothest flow;
Making possession most to be desired,
And that oft too, while the pellucid stream
Is swelling in the highest tide of bliss.
The Instigators of the INDIAN IRE,
With fierce Demoniac rage, its furious flames
Continued to incite, until they burst
In burning billows on brave STEWART's head.
The Centinels of Heaven's stellar Hosts,
Had not from their nocturnal watch retired,
But still from the cerulean Towers survey'd
With twinkling eyes the march of Myriad Worlds;
When Boone and his associate Trio rose,
And belted on their blanket-coats to course,
The red-leafed groves, and grape-crown'd Hills for game.
The morning's azure face from clouds was clear,
Bleak was his breath and piercing; and his locks,
With frost were powder'd o'er. The Adventurers' nerves

Were strung for action, and their spirits braced
For valorous feats and perilous emprise—
The crackling wilds in separate routes they pierced;
Deep peals the ringing rifles oft times pour'd
Along the sounding dells, and rang the knell
Of many a dying Deer.—The keen-edged blade
Of Stewart's Butchering Knife, with severing plunge,
Full half a score of reeling, bleeding Stags
To earth that day had brought, and in the throats
Of four huge Buffalo's had been buried deep.
As the wild Genius of the Chase stood near,
To enroll his name among her favorite Sons,
And crown him with the laurels of the day;
Fierce, yelling swarms of savage Caitiffs, armed
With bloody Hatchets, from their ambush pour'd,
And instantly encircling him, let fly
Their death-commission'd Weapons, and dislodged
The intrepid Stewart's life! His lofty frame,
Upon the frozen moss, blood-smoking fell;
His full bright eye now lost its lustrous glow,
And that strong-muscled face, commanding grace
And animating smiles no more adorn'd.
His high-view'd heart, where generous valor reign'd,
Where patriot feelings warm'd the flowing blood,
And kindled aims of daring Enterprise,
In Death's cold gripe was still! No more to beat!
No more to feel! In puddles now,
The vapid fluid once with spirit warm,

His lifeless bosom's frigid cisterns fill.
Those fine-form'd limbs that scaled the mountain-steeps
Unwearied, and with vigorous speed pursued
O'er Hills and streams and Vales the vaulting game,
Voracious Wolves and Vultures now devour!
What though, thou Martyr in Refinement's cause!
No kindred weep around thy pallid Corse,
And wrap it in the snow-white winding sheet—
What though no mourning symbols, cypress boughs,
And melancholy crape around thee hang—
Nor polish'd Coffin, nor protecting grave,
Thy cold, thy gore-encrusted Corpse receive?
What though no mournful Bells nor muffled Drums,
Nor mixed procession robed in funeral black,
To thy remains Sepulchral homage pay?
What though no tomb in monumental grandeur mark
Among Mausoleums of distinguish'd Dead,
And mossy sepulchres of many an age,
The shrine where Stewart's slumbering bones repose?
What though upon a thousand Hills thy dust,
Now slumbers, unawaked by the rude tread
Of passing feet, unconscious where thou sleep'st?
What though *all this*, since Angels mourn'd thy fall!
Since the HISTORIC Genius has inscribed
On Fame's imperishable rolls thy name!
Since God's own vivifying voice will lift
Again thy scatter'd ashes from the ground;
And from his Holy Bosom send thy soul

The renovated tenement once more
To occupy; when spirit-wing'd, it shall,
To join the sainted Hosts of Heaven ascend!
And with PHILANTHROPY's seraphic Sons,
Who bled conflicting with the embattled bands
Of fell Barbarians in the bloody West,
Forever bask in brilliant beams of BLISS!
Much the surviving Heroes mourn'd the loss
Of their magnanimous Colleague and Friend;
Boone's bosom intimate, and VALOR's pride!
Again their dwindled number was reduced,
And Boone and his brave Brother left alone,
By the departure to the settlement
Of their remaining Comrade.—
WINTER now
From Nature's face had struck the smiling bloom,
And o'er the world with dreadful ravage reign'd.
At his approach the sylvan music ceased,
And shrinking VEGETATION hid beneath
The icy surface of the frozen soil:
The wither'd Wild was drear as Death's Domain!
And echoed with the roar of hoarse-lunged STORMS,
And chilling yells of flesh-devouring Beasts.
But Boone's self-centered soul unshaken tower'd
Sublimely o'er the Horrors of the Waste,
And like a cloud-impaling Pyramid,
The Tempest's desolating rage defied!
With philosophic calmness oft he said,

"My Brother! now we see what a rich fount
Of pure felicity the mind of man
Within itself contains, if not defiled
By the corruptions of soul-blackening Vice.
How little on the gew-gaw glare of Wealth,
On Power's pageant pomp, and vain parade,
The human heart for happiness depends.
The Fashionable World's a Masquerade,
In which the real character's conceal'd:
It has ten thousand lures to snare the soul,
And is with Falsehood, Flattery and Deceit,
With Calumny and Disappointment fill'd.
Its smiles are like the fabled Syren's songs;
Its pleasures are the painted pills of Death;
And when to us its tempting *hand* it gives,
Its faithless, cold, deceitful *heart's* withheld.
Contentment builds her silky-plumed Nest,
In the pure Heart where Innocence abides;
And Innocence on timid pinions flies,
To Nature's Solitudes and sweet retreats.
From the turmoil of Vice-envelop'd Crouds,
'Tis there the soul by passions undisturb'd,
In philosophic converse with *herself*,
Can ascertain her energies divine,
And exercise them in exalted thought—
'Tis there the mind with animated eye,
Beholds her intellectual *currents* roll,
Unruffled and serene; and raptured sees

Imagination's rainbow-splendors gild,
Her pure pellucid deeps and sparkling waves;
And silent Wisdom's sterling gems enrich
Her beds profound.
Bleak Winter's reign though fierce,
Was short. Our Hero and his Brother braved,
With spirits high, its joy-forbidding frowns;
Devoting to their reconnoitring task,
And hunting pleasures almost every day.
At length, at Angel-featured Spring's approach,
The surly Tyrant's cloudy Hosts retired,
And sheltering in their Northern Fortresses,
Hung round their gloomy Monarch's icy throne.
Again enfranchised from her frozen bonds,
Invigorated, with rekindled life,
From the dark bowels of her brumal grave,
Triumphing Vegetation rose, and breathed
Her scented sweetness on the silk-wing'd gales.
Once more returning May blush'd o'er the Wilds;
But found, unwonted sight! our Hero *sad!*
His Brother now was gone; was travelling home,
For Horses, ammunition and what else
Their state required—A mind less firm than Boone's,
Could not have braved the soul-transpiercing thrusts
Of dagger-edg'd Reflections, which assail'd
His bosom's tenderest points. He now was left
Amid surrounding swarms of fiercest fiends,
Without a single friend, save the kind Spirit;

Who faithful to his delegated charge,
Still with his viewless shield protection spread
Around the Hero's life. The cultured banks
Of peaceful Yadkin; the unbloody Hills,
Where once unapprehensive of a Foe,
He enjoy'd the Chase, his fellow-sportsmen's song,
And animated jest, their cheerful interchange
Of graver sentiments, and *mild* debates
On politics and man;—with charms renew'd,
All *these* in Memory's mirror he beheld,
And for their loss a moment mourn'd. But most,
His mind to melancholy was disposed,
By musing on the misery-boding Fears,
The kind Concern, and keen Inquietude,
Which day and night disturb'd the peace; which pain'd,
And stung incessantly the sorrowing hearts,
Of his Angelic spouse, his high-soul'd Sons,
And tender-bosom'd Daughters—If indulged,
Reflections on those sombre themes would soon
Have shadow'd o'er the lucid pane, through which
Contentment's radiant beams his soul illumed.
But he too well a HERO's duty knew
To bury in privation-brooded glooms,
In the dark shadows of domestic woe,
The kindling sparks of useful Enterprise;
Which promised by gradations to expand,
Until their bright illuminations spread,
Through the Barbarian Blackness of the West.

His cares of Home on Heaven he therefore cast,
And sought felicity within *himself*,
And in the flowery treasures of the Wild.
Oft where the beauteous Crown-imperial bloom'd
In gorgeous pomp unveil'd, and Tulip-laurel
Its sweet effluvia on the gales diffused,
He rambled to enjoy their cheering charms!
And oft the princely Pinnacle he scaled
Of a smooth Hill, which o'er the green campaign
In airy pride, and conic grandeur tower'd:
He there in wondering contemplation gazed,
On various God-proclaiming scenes, which shone
In glorious fulgour, far as eye could roll.
He *thence* great NATURE'S THEATRE beheld
In all its pomp and splendid scenery clothed;
Herself the Mistress of the grand DISPLAY,
And the distinguish'd HEROINE-ACTRESS too!
Her curtain with the opening dawn she drew,
And myriad strains of plausive Melody,
Her entrance on the gorgeous stage proclaim'd!
The varying scenes a thousand times she changed;
Her sweet serenity and mellow smiles
She now diffused and trod in purest light!
While round her frisk'd and play'd in happiest *life*,
In gambols of wild joy her retinue,
Of feather'd and four-footed animals;
And o'er the scenic drapery's cloud-form'd sheets,
To beautify them with prismatic hues,

Its gilding streams, her golden Day-lamp pour'd.
But now encompass'd by tempestuous glooms,
She bends her blackening brow—and thunders break
In rolling vollies o'er the shuddering Stage;
While swiftly round her form sublime, the blaze
Of scathful lightning sweeps—the mountain peaks,
Which darkly in the distant *back-ground* tower,
Are shrouded in her frown!—And weeping Skies,
The tragic darkness, and tumultuous throes,
In tearful torrents mourn. The gushing streams
To great Ohio's, swelling surges roll;
And He, with billowy agitation boil'd,
Deep-roaring rushes down his foaming way.
But soon again she scatters from her face
The curling clouds, from the wide Canopy
Withdraws the sable Hangings, and a Calm
Enliven'd with redoubled splendor, spreads!
Unmasking the bright fount of beauteous Day,
Unveiling all her charms in loveliest bloom,
And garnishing the groves with brighter green,
She seem'd commission'd by the powers of Heaven,
To deck the *world* with more magnific pomp!
From that commanding Hill, those changing scenes,
Our Hero oft with hallow'd rapture view'd.
If Nights tenebrious shades the prospects veil'd,
While yet he linger'd on the airy mound;
Upon the plumy lap of gentle sleep
His head he laid, and there reposed till morn;

Or listening to the Owl's wild-thrilling scream,
The Wolf's blood-chilling howl and hungering yell;
Or gazing on the sky-throned Queen's bright face,
The planetary spheres, the burning stars,
The meteor gleams, the silver-winged clouds,
The darken'd wastes, the moon-reflecting waves,
And beam-absorbing mists, the Night he'd spend
In philosophic thought and transports wild!
The Goblin-visaged spectre Fear, that haunts
The Coward's heart, crawls through his haggard dreams,
Depictures Death and Dangers and Distress,
And grinning bloody forms through all his thoughts,
In Boone's undaunted Breast could never live.
He knew, that Fear the active nerves benumbs,
When most their useful aidance is required,
Imparting thus to dangers double force.
He knew, that the Almighty's arm, which shields
From shafts of Jeopardy, the harmless heart,
In soft refinement's social scenes, can guard,
With equal ease, the breast which beats in wilds,
Where barbarous Heathens raise the arm of Death,
And dreadful Beasts, for blood, the forests prowl.
He therefore boldly bade the grisly Fiend,
Infernal Fear, avaunt. No idle day
He pass'd. But great Ohio's cane-cloth'd plains
Unceasingly explored. No City's pomp,
Reflecting all the blaze of polish'd Art,
With turrets, spires and steeples crown'd,

With sweetest Beauty's vestal choirs adorn'd,
With flapping sails of richest Commerce wing'd,
And Luxury's costly Magazines enrich'd,
Could half so much delight have given his mind,
As the unfolding WORLD OF WONDROUS CHARMS,
Sublime, majestic, beauteous, splendid, fair,
Which oped its wild luxuriance on his eye
Wherce'er he trod.—Ohio's limpid flood
Innumerous Beauties in itself contain'd,
And Majesty and glorious Grandeur too!
Its slowly-sliding volume seem'd a Sea
Of molten silver, smoothly rolled along.
Great Trees above its turfless bottoms towered,
And spread their giant-branches o'er its Deeps;
Whose lucid Mirror pictured every leaf,
Bright-crimson'd bud, and spiral-winding vine,
Which waving o'er their watery surface, hung.
The finny tenants of the liquid cells,
In myriads sported through the rolling stream;
Now springing at the floating fly, they break
Its glassy superfice, now darting down
The crystal element, they again return
To playful gambols on their pebbly beds.
Too pervious to the eye, the incumbent Mass
Of cloudless liquid to conceal from view
Their glancing forms.—With graceful majesty,
Tall arch-neck'd Swans in snowy bevies sailed,
The waving bosom of the flowing flood;

And pour'd in murmuring undulations through
The tremulous waves and vibratory air,
Their trumpet notes and deeply-quavering tones.
Aquatic flocks of various kinds besides,
Some rowing on the shining stream, some buoy'd
On clattering pinions o'er its bright expanse,
And circling through the scream-resounding air,
Surveying with instinctive, wild delight,
The inviting beauties of the watery scenes;
Our Hero saw. And ofttimes he beheld,
Proud Antler-crowned Deer, in ample droves
The unrippling current stemming. Oftimes too,
From bank to bank his curious eye pursued
The unsocial Bears, which with nigrescent paws,
Through the bright stream their shaggy bodies oar'd.
Continuing on his reconnoitring route,
Beyond Ohio's winding course, o'er plains
With dulcet fruits, and flosculous beauties rich,
He reach'd at length the mighty MONARCH STREAM,
The great Imperial River of the West!
Majestic MISSISSIPPI! and beheld;
Like HOSTS of Battle-charging STEEDS inflamed
By rage-enkindling trumpets, fires and drums,
And sanguinary Death, descending down
Some sloping field with rolling KNOBS emboss'd;
The turbid torrent's fury-foaming WAVES,
Impetuous dashing onwards towards the Sea;
As if disdaining to disgrace their pride,

By lingering long 'mongst humble inland streams,
Or holding back from the great RENDEZVOUS,
The awful ARMY of assembled Floods;
Their tributary force. In thought sublime
Upon the wave-worn bank the Hero stood,
And hail'd with extacy the headlong flood!
The associating principle of mind,
That throws the thoughts with rapid power,
O'er all the mazy complicated chain
Of objects, which are link'd to the grand theme
That with sublime sensation swells the soul;
Boone now in all its forceful influence felt.
Through Fancy's retrospective Vista, he,
His intellectual vision swiftly glanced,
And witness'd the first flow of watery floods;
When at the ETERNAL's great creative word,
They *started* from ten thousand roaring Springs—
When from the loftiest height of this vast land,
Its four IMPERIAL Rivers, Aregon,
St. Lawrence, Bourbon, and Columbia's pride,
Great Mississippi! roll'd their thundering tides.
From *one* deep, Ocean-fed, exhaustless source,
A MIGHTY SUBTERRANEOUS RESERVOIR!
He saw their youthful Torrents proudly rise;
The massy rocks, and earth obstructive, burst,
And drive their Chariots' foam-enveloped Steeds,
Divergent, bounding down the seaward dells.—
On towards our spheric planet's *primary points*,

The liquid wheels through darksome deserts roll,
Passing a thousand varying climes remote;
Before they sparkle in the briny deeps.
Down through the unceasing lapse of circling time,
He saw the still continued currents roll;
Oft swollen high by inundations pour'd
From bursting clouds, uprooting huge-grown woods;
And bearing ponderous wrecks, in crashing rage,
Along the wilds to the ingulphing Seas.
His thoughts *prospectively* he also cast,
And through Imagination's optics viewed;
With brilliant diadems of COMMERCE crown'd,
And with the products of a thousand farms,
And riches of Mercantile Kingdoms fraught,
With FREEDOM'S Cities and REPUBLICS lined
And Happiness and Heavenly Virtues cheer'd;
The royal stream, on whose rich banks he stood.
With Contemplation's high Cherubic zeal,
The joy-inspiring prospect warm'd his soul,
And drove o'er themes stupendous as the Heavens,
His lofty-soaring Fancy's winged wheels.
But most the POWER and kind MUNIFICENCE,
Of that *supremely elevated* God,
Who said, "exist!" and *space* was fill'd! Who spake,
And flaming Suns appear'd! Who said, "arise!"
And dust was Man! Whose touch can change to seas,
The solid worlds, and through the *gelid wilds*
*Of spacious Air*, ten thousand Rivers roll,

And petrify to flint the Ocean-floods!
On *his* Omnipotence and Goodness most
Our Hero mused.—While thus in thought deep rapt,
He loiter'd on the billow-beaten banks,
Whose sandy base the excavating waves
Incessantly reduce, and heedless trode
The surge-impending *brink*; the beach-crown'd mass
With all its vegetative load, abrupt,
Tumultuous! broke from the *supported* soil,
And with impetuous uproar plunged amid
The furious flood!—Swift from the *tumbling* bank,
He leap'd into the agitated deep,
And o'er his head the angry surges curled.
But with strong strokes he upward cleaves his way,
And rises boldly through the bubbling foam!
The shore-rebounding billows beat him thwart
The *profluent* waves, *these* bear him down
The tossing tide—the cumbrous wreck behind
Rolls darkly on, and breaks the stream apart.
Hence rough, increasing surges drive amain
The Hero onwards, 'till in widening sheets,
Far from the floating islet-mound, they spread
A smoother breast, o'er which he swims secure,
And reaches safe again the welcome beach.

# THE

# ADVENTURES

OF

# DANIEL BOONE.

## BOOK V.

## ARGUMENT.

*BOONE commences his return to the Ohio. Frightful vociferations. Enraged Buffaloes. Panther killed.* 1 *to* 69. *Saline Swamps. Boone gives names to the Waters, &c.* 70 *to* 82. *Being again join'd by his Brother, he continues in the Wilderness till Spring, when he returns Home. He relates his adventures. Their influence upon his sons. He remains on the Yadkin until the third subsequent autumn, then sells his farm, and with his family and five others starts for Kentucky. Other Adventurers unite with them. Powel's and Walden's Mountains described. The Travellers assailed by a band of Indians, who after killing six of the Whites, are repulsed. Among the slain is James Boone. Remarks on his death.* 83 *to* 217. *Address to Columbian Youth.* 218 *to* 280. *The Muse recalled from her digression. Effects of the season. The party travels back to Clinch.* 281 *to* 304. *Boone engages in successive enterprises.* 305 *to* 352. *He, at length, removes his family to Kentucky. Seeming gratulation on the arrival of his Wife and Daughters.* 352 *to* 370. *Address to Beauty. Its influence exemplified in the case of Henderson. History of his attachment to Eliza Calaway, containing an account of the capture by the Indians of her sister Frances, and Jemima Boone; of their sufferings; of Costea's character; of their liberation; of the love between Flanders Calaway and Jemima, and between Holden and Frances Calaway, concluding with a notice of their marriage.*

# THE

# ADVENTURES

OF

# *DANIEL BOONE.*

## BOOK V.

SOME days in pleasing rambles here Boone pass'd,
And then, still reconnoitring as he went
The intervening wilds, to the rich plains
Of grand Ohio journey'd back.—One day
While travelling on in musing mood, he heard
Far in the distant Forest's gloomy depths
A *roar* as loud and frightful, as proclaims
The anger'd Lion's rage: It seem'd the Hills
And sturdy trees to shake, and loudly roll'd,
Reverberating down the sounding dales.
With dreadful aggravation still it *grew*,
The affrighted Indians wildly yell'd—the Wolves,
In gangs, fled howling from its dread approach—
The Eagles drop'd their prey and sought the skies!
From the aged poplars' heartless trunks, the Owls
Pour'd dismal screams—The bellowing still increas'd!

And drew more near! The desert brushwood crash'd!
A thousand thundering feet, with *heavy* sound,
Like a tornado hurried swiftly on,
And shook the shuddering ground, when lo! appear'd,
O'erspreading many a rood of the drear waste,
A mighty multitude of Buffaloes huge,
Resistless, raging, mad! In their dark van,
*One*, more enrag'd and furious than the rest,
Vociferous bursts of awful agony pour'd;
His pain-set eyes like burning Globules glar'd;
Upon his knees he oft impetuous pitch'd,
Goring the ground, while, to and fro, in vain
His rough hair'd head he dash'd; for on his back
With rending talons in the flesh infix'd,
A murderous PANTHER plied the work of Death!
Adown the sufferer's brindled sides ran blood,
Profusely streaming. Cruelly, with teeth
Of spear-accuminated sharpness, gnaw'd
The merc'less monster through the strength-strung loins,
And buried deeply in the smoking chasm,
His gory, life-destroying snout; until
Full half his blood-smear'd body disappear'd,
Deep sunk mid sunder'd muscles, mangled flesh,
And bubbling blood!—The roaring sufferer reel'd
And sank and rose, and staggering fell again,
His pain-protruded eyes, with glaring green,
Were deeply died, and Death's destructive shaft
Drew from his heaving heart the strug'ling life!

Around their fallen fellow gather'd thick
The furious herds, and yells and groans, and clash
Of crouded horns, in horrid tumult broke
From the close-clustering circle's brindled bounds.
They snuff'd the sanguine steam the purple spouts
Sent through the air, and catching thence the rage
Of fiercest bestial madness, sidelong tore,
With buried horns, the valley's blood-stain'd breast,
And fiercely furrow'd up, with pawing feet,
Its flower-bespangled soil, wild-bellowing, crush'd
The yielding shrubs, and gored the rough-bark'd trees.
The ferine Murderer startled at the din,
And disintering his blood-buried half,
Look'd wild and grimly on the pressing foe;
And finding dangers thick beset him round,
With agile spring, leap'd on a Buffalo's back,
And thence a neighboring poplar reached, up which
He swiftly fled. Where, on a lofty bough,
Viewing the scene below, out-stretch'd he lay,
With head declining o'er his gory paws.
Boone the gorg'd prowler marked, aim'd at his eye
The unerring rifle, and brought headlong down
His brain-bespatter'd carcase. Terror-shock'd
At the unwonted peal, the wide-mouth'd herds
Hoarse-yelling, burst resistless through the Brakes.
O'er saline swamps by savage steps impress'd,
By congregated Buffaloes Elks and Deer
Deep-furrow'd, the unwearied Hero passed.—

Contemplating prospectively, the use
To which Columbia might those brackish mines
Apply, he viewed them with attentive ken.
Here, like the primary lord of Paradise,
The Nomenclature of an opening world
He form'd! bestowing *names* on streams and founts,
On plants and places yet anonymous,
And yet unvisited by other eye
Emiting Civilizement's softened beams,
Than the Adventurer's own.

Again at length,
A BROTHER's presence animates, with smiles
And sentimental solace, the dark WILDS;
Which they with mutual industry explore,
Until another Spring her bloom unveils.
Then Daniel Boone the mountains reascends,
Hies onward to his rural Domicil,
And meets once more, his rapture-swooning Wife,
And the endearing transports of sweet Babes.
He tells his wonder-kindling tales, while tears
And kind caresses speak the silent joys,
And melting admiration, which transport,
Intenerate, and thrill the tingling hearts
Of his dear Daughters and dove-bosom'd spouse.
While he the various scenes enumerates
Of perilous emprise, through which he'd passed,
The dawning valor of his youthful sons
Illume the trembling tears of filial love,

That gather in their azure-beaming eyes.
But most the account of his captivity,
And his companion Stewart's hapless doom,
Their ardor rous'd, and kindled the keen thirst
Of vengeance in their danger-daring breasts.
Like two young Lions in some desert Den,
When first their instinct fires begin to flame,
Impelling them to range the roaring Waste,
And try the vigor of their supple limbs
In valiant feats of blood; Boone's manly James
And Israel panted for the power to prove
Their prowess, and avenge their Father's wrongs.
Their minds dilated with the expanded view
His strong descriptions gave of the rich WILDS;
While prospects of magnanimous emprise,
And Fancy-pictur'd scenes of patriot fame;
Establishing pure FREEDOM's prosperous States,
Upon a base as lasting as the Hills,
Their youthful souls with animation rapt.
Quiescent, on the lap of PEACE and LOVE,
The *three* succeeding summers Boone repos'd,
And then, preliminaries first arrang'd,
The peaceful Yadkin left, and with his Wife,
His Children, and five venturous Families more;
Bidding adieu to Friends and scenes endear'd
By tenderest incidents of Love and Joy;
Began, through gloomy wilds, the WESTERING MARCH.
While on their weary way through Powel's Vale,

Two score Adventurers joined their jocund band.
Dark labyrinthian Deserts, mountain Crags
Stupendous, frowning in the invaded clouds,
And howling Monsters raging round for blood,
Could not, with all their mingled glooms appall
The spirits, or chill the animating Hopes
That fir'd those gallant Sons of glorious Peril,
And urg'd them on their hazardous emprise.
Unharm'd, they pass o'er two tremendous LIMBS
Of branching Allegany—POWEL'S MOUNT
And WALDEN'S named—There Nature's rudest wrath
Seemed to have rag'd with wild disordering power—
Seem'd whilom to have op'd in warring fray,
Her magazines of elemental ire— [Flames!
Her Tempests, Thunders, Lightnings, Earthquakes,
And rock-uprooting, furious WATER-SPOUTS!—
Dark yawning ravines choak'd with broken crags,
Hoar rocks, in horror-frowning grandeur pil'd,
Or pyramidical, transpiercing deep
The thunder-bearing Tempests' cloudy breasts—
And ragged Ridges high on Ridges heap'd!
All seem'd memorials of Her phrenzied Mood.
These high colossal Hills securely pass'd,
Their mazy course the Adventurers cheerly kept,
Until with deathful yell, a savage Host
Poured on their weak unguarded rear, the storms
Of flaming murder. Then, oh gallant Boone!
With Battle-swaying Mars thy prowess vied!

Thy Guardian Seraph's inspirations then
Thou neededst not. Thy fallen fellows' blood
The safety of thy Wife, thy Babes, and Friends,
Were for thy valor stimulant enough!
The assailing Demons soon in wild dismay,
Fled wounded, bleeding, from the torrent flames,
Through which swift-flying bullets sought their lives.
For well the ruthless onset was return'd;
And dearly were its blood-effusions bought.
But ah! six valiant sons of enterprise,
By its death-dealing, unsuspected blast,
Were from their relatives and comrades torn!
'Till then, such scene of Grief and Woe
Had ne'er been witnessed in those spectral wilds.
Friends, Mothers, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, all
In doleful sadness weeping o'er the slain!—
Uncoffin'd in the sun-unmellowed ground,
'Neath gloomy Hemlock and dark-shaded spruce,
Their noble corses colorless and cold,
With Sorrow's tearful streamlets were inter'd.
Conspicuous fell our Hero's eldest son,
His valiant James! The cruel ball that rent
The tendrils of his blooming life in twain,
And scattered on the waste its flow'ry charms,
Tore from the prospering PLANT of LIBERTY
A germ, whose rich expanding beauties soon,
Would have unfolded o'er the ample West;
Diffusing round delectable perfumes,

And dropping healthful fruitage on the lap
Of its luxuriant Land. That merciless ball,
In its disaster-dealing impetus,
Was not content, the crimson citadel
Of human life, and the unsullied shrine
Of fond affection only, to invade;
COLUMBIA's angel bosom felt its force,
And bleeding at the pungent wound it trench'd,
She sorrow'd o'er her youthful Hero's fate.
And she had *cause* to sorrow; for in him
She lost the promise of a patriot son,
Of an intrepid, wise and virtuous man!
Irradiated with the expanding rays
Of Erudition, his untarnished mind,
With eye intent on Truth's effulgent disk,
Was soaring o'er the clouds of *groveling* life.
His fellows in the *Intellectual* flight
Can well attest, with what ascending strength
He scal'd the intervening steeps, and shot
His genius-plumed pinions through the blaze
That pour'd upon his soul-subliming path;
That still in more resplendent torrents stream'd
As nearer to the lambent Orb he drew.
But ah! the whizzing pellet, bearing death,
Relaxed his wing, and drown'd his flight in blood!
Behold the snowy plumage sinking now,
All stain'd and dripping with the purp'ling streams!
Yet see! 'tis not the *Spirit's* plumes that fall;

It is the weaker wing of *mortal life!*
The wing, which buoys the encumbering clog of clay!
The *soul*, in all its bright embellishment,
Is free, and flies, with unimpeded speed,
To the supernal goal that caught its ken
From earth, the flaming fount of holy Truth!—
My YOUTHFUL COUNTRYMEN! whom Culture's care
Has lifted into splendid spheres, behold,
A pattern for your imitation here!
JAMES BOONE in the unbloodied shades of PEACE,
Acquiring Wealth and Influence, might have liv'd,
But more ennobling prospects swell'd his soul!
A vast luxuriant Land, yet unreclaim'd
From Barb'rous Wildness, fir'd his patriot zeal,
Impell'd him to exert his utmost powers
To enrich his Country with the precious prize;
And made him, with undaunted valor, dare
The dangerous Ambushment, where darkling Death
Lurk'd panting for his unprepared prey!—
Oh my dear youthful Brethren! seize your swords,
And swear, by all the blood that ever smok'd
On Freedom's Altars, never to relax
The patriot grasp until those Rights are *free*,
Whose *purchase* cost more sufferings, wealth and lives,
Than the rich land for which the youthful Boones,
Our earlier Brethren, bled!—COLUMBIAN YOUTH!
With so much more to inflame your daring fires,
Than fan'd *their* enterprise, can you repose

On the warm down of Ease, nor emulate
*Their* martial ardor? 'Tis not Gold, nor Fame,
Nor fruitful Forests, nor refinement's cause,
That now presents excitement to the soul,
Which loves the blessings of sweet LIBERTY!
It is the thraldom of our NAVAL RIGHTS;
The oppression of our Commerce on the seas
By tyrant Battlements, that ride the waves,
And roll their bloody thunders on our flag;
That turn their Cannon on the face of Law,
That bury charter'd Industry in gulphs
Beneath the flames which crown the billowy brine,
Through which our Tars and burning Vessels sink!
It is the misery of our Naval Sons
Impress'd by lawless RUFFIANS on the Main,
*Compell'd* to plunge their weapons in the blood
Of *kindred* breasts, and *their own* nation wound!
It is the anguish of the thousand mourning hearts,
Whose dearest RELATIVES enchain'd and scourg'd,
Lie groaning, hopeless, sorrow-wasted, faint,
In Britain's stygian Dungeons on the seas!
Here is excitement for the valorous Youth,
The gallant Boone's of our day. Can the Sons
Of glorious Fathers view the sacred shrines,
Where their immortal ashes sleep, defil'd
And crush'd beneath a Despot's foot, nor rush
In arms array'd, to avenge their wrongs or die?
Is not each lash your valiant Seamen feel,

Contempt to those who for our Freedom fought?
Their bones are mingled with the dust we tread,
But still their *spirits* and their *actions* live!
Their blood which stained our plains, the sun long since
Has bleach'd; but still the Blessings which it bought
In living lustre glow—While then we breathe
The inspiring ardor of their sainted manes—
While then, their holy deeds their names adorn,
And we the happy heritage enjoy
Their lives bequeath'd—shall we their fame disgrace?
And while in all the *means* of War so *strong*,
Let Villain-Tyrants sever from our Land,
What, when so *weak*, our Fathers snatch'd from them!—
Again my Muse revisit the sad scene,
From which the impassion'd zeal, the glow
Of ardor for thy weeping Country's weal,
Had borne, though weak of wing, thy feeble powers.
October's russet scowl imbrown'd the groves,
And foliage-searing frosts the cement broke,
Which to the boughs their leafy vesture glued—
While melancholy winds, in showers, shook down
The rustling flakes, in seeming sympathy
With the soul-wringing sorrows, which convuls'd
The mourners' breasts. The afflicted Widows now,
And female kindred of the hapless slain,
Heart-sick, and languid, pleaded to return
To where the cheering scenes of polish'd life,
Near Clinch's limestone-laving waves, display'd

The residence of warm congenial souls.
The meek solicitations and soft tears,
Co-operating with their own distress,
Disposed the bold survivors to comply.
And much that course was render'd requisite,
By the dispersion through the wayless wilds,
Of their affrighted Cattle, which had fled,
With force impetuous, over Hills and crags,
Through crackling Brakes and loud-resounding Glyns—
On Clinch, 'till the succeeding Summer shone,
Boone, with his worthy family remain'd.
He then successively, in dangerous toils
Of high import engag'd.—At Dunmore's call,
He lent his guidance to conduct a band
Of brave *Surveyors* of the Western Soil,
From the Ohio Falls back to their Homes,
By routes, through the dark Wilderness, to them
Before unknown. This perilous task perform'd
With most surprising safety skill and speed,
He then, of three Militia Garrisons,
At Dunmore's requisition, took command;
And with his wonted energy and fire,
Attemper'd by serene deliberate Art,
Through the Campaign against the Shaw'nese Tribes,
A service, mark'd with high success, sustain'd.
Victorious from the Northern scenes of Blood,
Subservient to his Countrymen's request,
We see our Hero *cross* his desert stage

And on its Southern border rise to view,
Performing there a *new* but arduous *part*,
Evincing talents *versatile* as *strong!*
And skill'd as well in Council as in War.
He meets the Sachems of the Cherokees
At wild Wataga, and a pact concludes
By virtue of his delegated powers,
For purchasing a part of their waste lands.
This Embassy accomplish'd, he collects
A band of hardy Woodsmen, strong and brave,
And from the verge of the rough Wilderness,
Where Holstein's mountain-compass'd current rolls
To wild Kentucky's cedar-shadow'd waves,
A Road through the unwounded Forest cleaves.
The sculking Foe from his deep-tangled haunts,
Oft on their way, the sounding axes brought;
And their death-ringing Rifles drove as oft
The fierce assailant back. On either side,
From flesh-torn founts, the conflict often stream'd
In rills of smoking crimson. Sometimes too,
'Twas blanch'd by the pale hand of life-fed Death.
But nought the Vigor of their Zeal could stay.
Before its power the giant timber fell,
And through a Host of ruthless Remoras,
Its strong unpalsied arm a passage hew'd.
Behold the first grand CONDUIT now complete,
Through which, to the dark wastes of savage night,
From their bright Eastern seas, REFINEMENT'S FLOODS

Effulgent flow!——Now on Kentucky's bank,
In haste, a Fortress the Adventurers rear.
And thither Boone from Clinch his Family brings.
The wondering GENIUS of the Wilderness,
Embellish'd with the fragrance-breathing blooms
Of May, flew from the flower-deck'd solitudes
To snatch a glance at the new Visitants,
Boone's darling Consort and sweet lovely Maids,
The first *fair* Females that e'er grac'd those Wilds!—
With more harmonic rapture seem'd the songs
Of feather'd extacy to warble loose
Among the umbrageous wood; and the rich flowers
Seem'd to unfold in tints more deep-defin'd
Their gay variety.—The bladed brakes
Impainted with a livelier green appear'd.
The wild-wood zephyrs from their winglets seem'd
A sweeter odor round the groves to shake;
While the deep gloom-envelop'd wastes, with beams
Of transport-kindling radiance seem'd illum'd.
And well indeed such animating change
Might then appear through that untamed abode
Of Wildness, Howlings, and ferocious Rage;
For polish'd Beauty's love-emiting eye,
And darkness-scattering smile, in that new world,
Were then first shed. Oh Beauty! bright with soul;
Seraphic Quintescence of blended powers
Terrestrial and supernal! Sweet compound
Of Mortal and Divine! *Thy charms* can light

Within the breast that lives in darkest solitude
An aromatic-odor'd, pure-beam'd lamp;
And in the deep untrodden Dell where Man,
Refined and reasoning Man, ne'er breath'd before,
The lone Itinerant's musing mind can cheer:
Can animate with pleasures more infus'd
In bliss, its silent powers, than ever flow
From the less gentle spring of social Mirth:
And they can also shake the loftiest soul,
And with the thorns of keen inquietude
The bravest Hero's hardy breast transpierce.
The experience of the gallant Henderson
Can well *this* truth attest. His daring heart,
In Carolina's cultur'd shades, conceiv'd
The bosom-softening flame of first-felt Love.
In his wild-flut'ring Breast, of Hope and Fear
The doubtful balance hung.—His tender wiles
Had from his dear Eliza's *guarded* lips
No hope-confirming, kind confession drawn;
Nor had, from his own mellow-murm'ring tongue,
A *clear* avowal of his passion flown;
When, with the brave illustrious Calaway,
Her noble Father, she forsook the scenes
Of social elegance and peaceful ease;
Migrated to Kentucky's flow'ry glooms,
And shelter'd in the Fort of their lov'd Friend,
The generous, kind, and hospitable Boone.
Young Henderson's too independent heart

Upbraided the fastidious folly now,
Which sought some *token* of *her* love for *him*,
Before it ventured to *declare* what oft
His soften'd eye, and sadden'd mien had told.
Her every smiling glance and gentle word,
Which, ere her absence, were, as courtesies,
Resulting from her kind Angelic Soul,
As mere attentions shewn to all her *friends*,
Regarded; now a tenderer form assum'd,
And to his melancholy Fancy seem'd
The soothing signs of sweet Encouragement!
Pale languishment hung on his changing cheek,
While festive merriment in vain essay'd
To wake his wonted smiles, or reinvest,
His eye with cheerful lustre. Nature's bloom,
The blazing Majesty of day, and all
The azure-sprinkling splendors of the Night;
Crown'd by her queen, the sky-ascending Moon
To him seem'd of their soul-elating charms
Divested. Pensive, mournful and alone,
He wander'd through the sorrow-murm'ring Glades,
Or solemn, gloom-impressive groves; and fed
With plaintive sounds, the peace-corroding fires
That agoniz'd his sadly-sighing breast.
E'en Sleep's balm-dropping wings could not appease
The fev'rish Ardor, nor their cooling plumes
Upon the ever restless flame repose;
But with incessant flutter through the Night

His tortured temples beat; and dreary dreams
Drove wildly through his phrenzy-dizzied brain.
At length, by the unconquered flame impel'd,
His loved Eliza he resolv'd to find,
And forthwith through the frowning forests hied.
The healthful fragrance of the Hills, and all
The flowery Beauties scattered loosely wild,
And rude sublimity, abrupt and vast,
Of the broad plains and thunder-batter'd Mounts,
Conspir'd to vivify and elevate
His low-dejected heart, and give a tone
Of higher vigor to his languid nerves.
Hope in his bosom throb'd with stronger pulse,
As kind *Reflection* whisper'd to his heart,
That fewer Rivals, in the unpeopled Waste,
Would with his tender Courtship interfere,
Or wind his fate in labyrinths of doubt;
That Love's impassion'd impulse, playing warm
Upon the feeling chords of her soft heart,
Would make them thrill and tenderly respond
To the first passion of accordant Note,
Vibrating in a young and generous breast,
And fair unfolded to her anxious ear;
That frolic Nature's wild-wood solitudes,
So with sweet love awaking Music fill'd,
With soul-enticing shades and Beauty-border'd streams;
With flower-born gales and breezes fruit-perfum'd,
Diversified; would melt to softer sense

Her warm susceptive bosom, and impart
Through all her tingling veins emotions kind,
And tenderly devoted to the God
Of sexual Love. He found his Charmer fair
And lovely as before. The deepen'd blush
Of cheerful Health and freshest Beauty, ting'd
Her smiling cheek.—Her lustre-streaming eye
With thoughtful tenderness divinely shone;
Her graceful symmetry of person seem'd,
Celestial elegance by Nature's skill
Transfer'd to earthly Beauty. Sweetly soft
Her honey-breathing lips their strains effus'd;
Now in convivial *converse*, now in *songs*
Of tenderest melody. Their Interview,
On either side, confusion mark'd; but most
*His* agitated mien and downcast eye,
Th'unerving power of timid love betrayed.
His resolution to disclose his heart,
Her presence weaken'd. Torturing Distrust
Again perplex'd his peace, and in the cup
Of his distresses, Jealousy infus'd
A portion of its poison-mingled Gall;
For, even to her new and wild abode,
Besides himself, her winning charms had drawn
Other Admirers from the social scenes,
Where first upon their fascinated hearts
Her dangerous glances flash'd. Her *kindness* beam'd
On all, for all were brave deserving Youth;

But prudence check'd each smile that might beseem
Approvance of their fond pretensions, save
When now and then a pleasing glance confused,
And languid, met the inquiring pensive eye
Of Henderson. Another Summer came,
And found his hopes still unconfirm'd, for still,
His soul too sensative to risk repulse,
An *evidence* of her Affection sought,
Before it urged without reserve its suit;
But still a studied Mystery in act
And language, from his watchful view conceal'd
The secret bias of her peerless heart.
But, as the clouded Winter's *closing* storm,
Frowning in deeper darkness than o'ercast
Ere then the Sun; precursive, heralds Spring's
Revivifying radiance; so a gloom
Of murkier depth that roll'd convolving o'er
His sombre Hopes, was soon the Harbinger
Of love illumined Happiness and Joy.
Invited by the multifarious charms
Which bloom'd and danced upon the sunny cheek
Of a serenely smiling Summer Eve,
He and his fair Eliza left the Fort,
T'enjoy, in company with their juvenile friends,
Benignant Nature's animating sweets.
Behind the gleeful groupe, Boone and his friend,
Sage Calaway in social converse walk'd;
And with paternal pleasure view'd the mirth

And playful merriment of rapturous Youth.
Upon Kentucky's flowery-border'd bank
Beneath the umbrageous boughs of Vine-hung beech
They cheerily reclined, while in Canoes
The jocund band the flowing crystal clear'd.
'Twas summer's sweetest hour; the sinking Sun
Hung red and ragged in the Western trees,
Wide pour'd his evening radiance o'er the peaks
Of distant Allegany, and diffused
Through waving Willows o'er the gliding flood
A chequer'd gleam. Soft-winnowing breezes play'd
Among the Aromatic sprays, and fan'd
The slightly fretted stream; caress'd the cheeks,
And wanton'd with the silky-flowing locks
That hung their jetty tendrils long and loose,
O'er the white necks and softly swelling breasts,
Of beautiful Eliza and her fair
And elegant associates.—Every branch
Of the contiguous wood was fill'd with life
And melody. The enamor'd Henderson,
As o'er the form-depicturing stream she sail'd,
Beheld his Charmer with increasing love,
And fancied her the River's vestal Nymph,
The Arethusa of its sylvan waves;
And kindling at the love-created thought,
Was by its magic *tempted* to embrace,
Her graceful image in the watery Mirror.
Back to the bank, their little beechen Boats,

At Beauty's word, the dexterous rowers shot;
And o'er the fruit-hung flower-empurpled shore,
To gather Garlands to inwreathe their brows
The sweetly-blooming Maidens gayly ran;
When from a dark cane thicket growing near,
A band of Ruffian Indians fiercely sprang,
And siezing fair Eliza Calaway,
Her charming Sister Frances too, and Boone's
High-soul'd Jemima, bore them through the Brake!
In vain, for aid the lovely Captives cried;
Before their brave protectors reach'd their Guns,
The arm'd Barbarians, stifling the weak plaints
The feeble Damsels pour'd, were deep-conceal'd
In the entangled wild.—Until the glooms
Of gathering Night absorb'd the beams of day;
Brave Henderson, the *younger* Calaway,
With valiant Holden and four Heroes more,
Led by their vengeance-burning Chieftain Boone,
The Savages pursued. The heavy Night
Encompass'd thick with awful Horrors drear,
Upon the weary wings of vulture Woe,
O'er the unsleeping Heroes slowly pass'd.
Vulosko's lancinating Agonies
At his Melcena's situation, Boone
In all their torturing force now realized.
His soul with all a parent's tenderest pains,
And injur'd Valor's daring passions burn'd.——
By agitating tumults toss'd, not less

The Lovers' bosoms felt the wringing pangs
Of Grief, nor less with restless Vengeance glow'd.
Not only Henderson, but Holden too,
And Flanders Calaway, the peace-fed flame
Of tortured LOVE-AFFECTION deeply felt.
For Holden's heart, th'angelic Fanny's charms
Had melted into fondest tenderness;
But he with noble frankness had declared
His anxious wishes, and th'extatic bliss
Enjoy'd, of feeling the benignant smiles
Of kind Encouragement, diffusing warm
Their genial rays among th'expanding blooms
Of his luxuriant Hopes. Young Calaway's
Susceptive bosom, sweet Jemima Boone
Had animated with the *flameless* spark
Of *new-enkindled* Love, whose infant beams
Burn'd not as yet with ardency intense;
But like the placid Spring's demulcent light,
That streams into the half-unfolded flowers,
And spreads their flecker'd petals to the breeze,
They mildly glided through his swelling heart;
And gently oped to Pleasure's odorous breath
Its velvet-lined cells and silken folds.
*Her* budding bosom, new to the wild thrill
Of soul-dissolving Love, his soft devoirs,
With tingling glow, had tenderly inspired.
But wondering at th'emotions strange, their cause
She scarcely knew: Nor would her age permit

The gallant Flanders yet t'unfold his flame,
Or his love-born Anticipations tell.
Long would it take to sing the boding frights,
And Visions gloomy, woeful, drear, and vague;
Which flitted ceaselessly athwart the souls
Of the heroic Lovers that dread Night.
The heart-wrung tender Captives *wept away*,
In all the miseries of horrid Fear,
The bosom-burdening *slow-dissolving* hours.
No more they expected e'er again to see,
Their darling Fathers, Mothers, Friends,
Or gallant Lovers! Death, or direr still,
The dreadful Wretchedness and lingering Woes
Of savage bondage, seem'd their fearful doom.
The wild gesticulations, grimaces
Blood-curdling yells, and fury-glaring eyes,
Of the Barbarian Captors shook with dread
And heart-convulsing terrors, their rack'd souls.
To make their midnight moments still more drear,
Their thin-clad limbs, the cold dew-dripping breeze
[pour'd
With dampness chill'd; while screaming Night-Birds
Shrill-quavering Discord through the shivering glooms.
Terrific Wildcats, Wolves, and Panthers prowl'd,
Blood-hungering through the murder-wailing wastes
And mix'd their cruel-toned Vociferations,
With the death plaints of their expiring prey.
Two Nights environ'd thus with Horrors wild,

Funereal, bloody, terrible, and fierce!
And compass'd close by Caitiffs still more dire,
The Wolf-like savages, whose wanton flames
And Brutal Rudeness, Beauty's vestal bloom,
And angel purity could not abate;
And which, had not a spark of purer ray
And more ethereal essence warm'd the breast
Of their less barbarous CHIEF, might uncontrol'd
Have treated with indignity, and shock'd
With ruffian Insolence, the fenceless Maids.
But Costea's lofty soul disdain'd its wrath
Upon defenceless female heads to wreak.
His breast with all the wild impetuous fires
Of *nobler* vengeance burn'd against the whites.
'Though from the altitude of splendid War,
To sieze their Women he descended; yet
'Twas not t'insult, and treat with cruelty
The hapless Captives; but to tear with pain
The warrior Whitemen's breasts, whom on fair ground
If feasible, he would have nobly fought.
Their snowy hands, and sorrow-streaming eyes,
To him the trembling Maids for Mercy raised;
And on their knees, with pleading looks implored
His pity. His superior air and mien,
His station and controlling power, bespake;
And softening into gentler cast, inspired
The mourning Sufferers with a gleam of Hope.
He was a Chief in Manhood's vigorous prime;

Of stature lofty, strait, and dignified—
Strong, Muscular and springy were his limbs;
And haughty elevation mark'd his step.
A tinge of tawny red glow'd on his cheek—
His keen dark eye with steady lustre shone,
And seem'd the fount of fiery ire, assuaged
By mingling emanations less severe
Of kinder passions.—But when kindling Rage
Inflamed his quick excited soul, his Wrath
Shot from his eye a stream of fiercest flame,
That burn'd each softer beam, and wither'd Fear
Wheree'er in Opposition found. His brows,
In semicircles darkly shadowing o'er
The flashing orbs below, like arching clouds
Black, broad, and bending high above two stars
Of burning fulgour, lowerd with changing glooms—
Yet when a milder mood relax'd the cords
On which they hung, a *lighter* shade they shed.
But when infuriated rage constringed
Those frown-controlling fibres, blackness thick,
Tempestuous, awful roll'd convolving round
His bending brow—His Aspect was austere;
His forehead swart; his cheek bones sharp and high;
His Nose broad-based, long-curv'd wide-nostril'd, huge;
His chin protuberent, large; and large and lean,
His ponderous jaws; and rough and deep his voice.—
Such was the Savage Chief, on whom alone
The Captive Maids for tenderness relied.

Nor was their *feeble* confidence misplaced;
His mandatory frown each look forbid,
Or freedom, that might shake with dread their breasts,
Or wound their Modesty.
Boone and his band,
As soon as Dawn upon the forests shed
The dappled day, their perilous pursuit
Intentively resumed—And Night again
Enshrouded Nature in her spectral glooms,
And still the flying foe was not o'ertaken.
But on the Eve of the succeeding day,
Our daring Heroes the dark Fiends descried!
Who in their van drove on the feeble Fair.
With souls all flame, at their great Leader's side,
Accomp'nied by their bold intrepid Friends;
The vengeful Lovers rushed resistless on,
And pour'd their deathful thunder through the rear
Of the unguarded Savages; whose blood
From many a wound effusing, witness bare
That well the charge was aim'd, and its result
propitious.—Gasping grimly in their gore,
Death stiffening, pallid, on the weedy ground,
Two of their fiercest warriors lay outstretch'd!
Forsaking the astounded Captives, fled
Their bleeding residue—All, save their Chief,
The dauntless Costea—He, confronting fierce
The gallant Whites, his whizzing lead discharg'd;
Which through the sulph'rous smoke around them roll'd,

Flew ineffective—Forced for life to flee,
Amid the thickets sheltering maze he plunged.
Th'enfranchised Damsels, in a trance of Joy,
Their dear Deliverers met—Dissolving Bliss
Soft-flowing from their Beauty beaming eyes,
Their velvet cheeks and lovely breasts bedew'd.
Into th'angelic air of thankful love,
And fond Affection's tenderest Gratitude,
Divinely melted was their beauteous mien!
A thousand love-born extacies ensued,
And sweet vibrations of the thrilling cords,
On which warm FEELING's seraph fingers play!
This was the happy time for Love to learn
His Destiny—And Henderson, as home
They travel'd, told the tumults of his heart;
And warmly press'd Eliza to pronounce
His fate. Upon his arm, She blushing, lean'd,
And modestly confess'd her bosom felt,
A tenderness congenial with his own.
While on her charms, his humid eye-beams pour'd,
His glowing soul in fluttering extacy,
The rich excess of sweetest Love enjoy'd.
Upon her burning, honey-moisten'd lips,
A heart-born Kiss he imprinted, unperceived.
Could he have been from Observation's eye,
That long secure; no happiness to him
For a whole day had been so exquisite,
As to have press'd that time those nectar'd buds;

And she no less than him the sweet salute
Would have enjoy'd. Pale Melancholy's shades,
The wings of rapture scatter'd from his soul,
And a bright paradise seem'd blooming round.
No more when traversing the green-rob'd Hills,
And flower-perfum'd Campaigns, broke from his breast
The heart-convulsing Storms of thorn-charg'd sighs:
The lonesome Solitudes had now to him
Th'enlivening charms of sweet society.
Benignant Love breathed balmy blessings round:
And fair Eliza's Beauty seem'd to bloom
In every flower and blossom of the Wild;
And every tunefui note that sweetly trill'd
From the harmonious Warblers of the Groves,
Seemed but the echo of her flowing Voice!
Heroic Holden also touched with hand
More venturous, the tender-noted lyre
Of Love; and drew a melody still more
Enrapturing and divine than charmed ere then
His melting heart.—And Flanders Calaway,
By soft collision of their eyes and lips,
Elicited from his Jemima's soul
A brighter flow of scintillations warm,
Than sparkled on his doating gaze before;
And as their several states best suited, they,
The happy Couples! all successively
At Hymen's love enkindled Altar bow'd;
And on its sacred flame, the votive Oil
Of Celibacy's Silver Vase effused.

# THE ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE.

## BOOK VI.

## ARGUMENT.

*AN accession of families attracted to the Wilderness. Boone alleviates their distresses.* 1 *to* 18. *The Vengeance of the Indians, fired by the inroads upon their haunts, and the operations of demoniac malignity, annoys the rising settlement; and breaks forth in repeated but unsuccessful assaults upon the Forts.* 19 *to* 89. *A reinforcement arrives, and the Natives are awed into temporary forbearance.* 89 *to* 105. *Boone accompanies a party to Licking Salines, and on a hunting excursion is seized by the Savages, and with his companions who are also captured, is conveyed to Chilicothe. His influence upon the Shawanese King; exertions to appease the Savages; is removed to Detroit; inspires general respect; excites sympathy and wakens serious reflections in the breast of the British Commandant, who vainly attempts to purchase his release.* 105 *to* 181. *He is taken back to Chilicothe; engages the affections of his Captors; is adopted into one of their families; joins in their hunts; and presents his game to the King with whom he amuses himself in converse.* 182 *to* 217. *Account of Montour.* 218 *to* 269. *His History of the Mammoth.* 270 *to* 370. *Boone describes to him the powers of Refinement, and partially averts his enmity to the Whites; his Death; Savage mourning.* 371 *to* 424. *Coluxo's Apostrophe to him; and his burial.* 425 *to* 483. *Effects of his Death. Boone taken to Sciota'; Beauty of the Country, and its influence on Boone. Disposition of the Foe; on Boone's return to Chilicothe he finds them prepared to march against his Fort. They are excited by England. Boone flies to the relief of his Fortress. A disappointment; its cause and alleviation.* 484 *to* 584. *Preparation to receive the Foe. The Siege and Repulsion of the Assailants.*

# THE

# ADVENTURES

OF

# *DANIEL BOONE.*

## BOOK VI.

THE Western Wilderness had now begun
To pour its fragrance with attractive power,
Wide o'er Columbia's cultivated states;
And several families to its solitudes
Had charm'd. Innumerous were the dangers, pains,
Perplexities, and hardships, which beset
On every side the infant settlers. Boone,
With warm benevolence their wants relieved;
And his protecting shield before them threw,
When DANGER menacing their daring breasts,
Drew from its quiver'd side the gory shafts
Of Death. The sick, the poor, the timid, all,
His friendship and munificence partook.
Fatigue-emaciated females, babes
With hunger, wan and weeping, often own'd

His generous aid, and with their tear-dew'd smiles,
And looks of tender gratitude repaid
His bounteous kindness. Furiously incensed
With the incursions on their rude domain,
And by the caitiff fiends of nether Night impel'd;
The ruthless natives marshal'd all their might,
The feeble *colony* to mar; to tear,
Divine Refinement's pullulating plants
From their destruction-compass'd beds, and blast
Their little tender blooms! Ah! much indeed
By the rude rage of barbarous violence,
The fragrant germs were ravaged torn and chill'd!
But still their bold protector's guardian arm
The extirpation-threatening powers repel'd.
Ofttimes the feeble Fortresses, the brunt
Of fierce assault sustain'd; and often fell,
Behind the startled team, the murder'd swain;
The family's laboring stay! and bleeding died,
In the unsupported plough's unfinish'd trench.
Hostilities of minor moment thus were waged,
Until the opening of another spring.
Then savage WAR's blood-streaming orb began,
With more portentous terror o'er the wild,
To lift its awful disk. Assembled hordes
Of the horrific foe, our Hero's Fort
With furious rage attack'd. The well wrought walls
Indignantly the thundering shock withstood:
Its fires the gallant garrison return'd,

With triple execution. Costea led
The tawny bands, and saw with painful rage,
Their bleeding ranks cut down. Reluctantly
At length the siege was raised; and through the brakes,
The fallen Indians' breathless bodies drag'd,
To where the howling Squaws with anguish mourn'd,
Their lifeless warriors' fate. Defeat but fired
The fiends with hotter fury. Costea's soul
For dreadful vengeance flamed. From breast to breast,
The burning passions spread their kindling rage;
And soon the yell and war-hoop shook the hills,
And echoed o'er the forests' drear expanse.
Like clouds electric scatter'd round the Heavens,
In small detachments ireful, dusky, red,
When the discordant wrath and tumults fierce
Of *jarring matter*, into masses drive
Their angry bands; so rush'd the savage hordes,
By fury urged, and form'd a direful Host.
Their Chiefs in short harangue, the ills portray'd
That o'er their heads in threatening horrors hung.
They bade them save from WHITEMEN'S plundering [grasp,
Their ground, their game, their fruit, their fish, their [streams,
Their Freedom, Peace, their Children, Wives and ALL!
To break their strength, the different Forts
By the divided ruffians were besieg'd.
On either side much blood the conflicts mark'd;

But such the valor, energy and skill
Of the advent'rous Settlers, that their guns
The plumes of daring confidence shot off,
Which proudly wav'd above the savage heads,
And drove again the bleeding legions back
To their rude huts. The flaming tempest hurl'd
Its heaviest bolts against the garrison
Of Boone. Two days and nights the volley'd blasts
Upon the bastion'd fortress ceaseless beat.
But, from the little Bulwark's guarded band,
A counter storm, on which death-dealing rode
Destruction's Angel terrible and dark,
Incessantly was driv'n, until the foe,
In bloody ghastliness, and sullen rage,
Retir'd—But still their ire was not allay'd—
Their savage armies every week assail'd
The suffering Settlers. Logan's Station stood,
With valorous strength, a fierce distressful siege;
And Harrod's too repel'd the roaring shocks
Of many a powerful assault. At length,
From Carolina and Virginia came
To their relief a timely aid; and strung
With nerves of more intrepid enterprise
Their sinking spirits. Strengthen'd thus, their power,
For months, in each succeeding battle blaz'd,
In hotter torrents on the assailants heads;
And hurried headlong into the deep gurge
Of dark Eternity, the yelling ghosts

Of many a ghastly corse.
The foe thus foil'd,
Began to feel and dread the conquering force
Of the "LONG KNIFE." Its anger-sharpen'd edge
They found resistless as the scythe of Death!—
The blood-polluted glooms that dim'd the West,
Now 'gan a more propitious face to wear;
And from the attenuated Darkness broke,
At intervals, bright gleams. But Boone not long
In the benignant coruscations bask'd.
All times dispos'd and sedulous to serve
The Settlers, he to Licking River went,
With a small party of industrious men,
To explore and chrystallize the saline streams,
And salt for the brave Garrisons procure.
Through Winter's *bleakest* reign, alternately
In the kind task his coajuvancy
Was giv'n, by labor at the evaporating fires,
And procuration of the forest food,
On which himself and comrades were sustain'd.
One day, as through the wind-strip'd Wilderness
He sought the needful game, an ambush'd host
Of the red foe from their cane-covert rush'd,
*And made him captive!* Thence to the Blue Licks,
Where at their salterns his companions wrought,
They hied, and *them* too in their captive toils
Involv'd. To Chilicothe thence they march'd,
Triumphing proudly in their guarded prize.

Montour, the Shaw'nese King, soon saw in Boone
The warrior's soul, and, with a prince-like pride,
Magnanimously bade his tribe forbear
To treat him rudely; and a kind respect
His own demeanor towards the Hero mark'd.
Now was the auspicious time for Boone to essay
Hs great and long-conceiv'd design, to soothe
The vehemence of savage *ire*; and melt
Beneath Conciliation's gentle beams
Its prejudice-constructed base away.
To this important end he day and night
His utmost powers devoted. First he sought
A farther knowledge of the Shaw'nese tongue,
Which he before had slightly learn'd, and then
His purpose with unwearied zeal pursued.
Though *he* succeeded to attain the esteem,
And e'en the affection of the ag'd Montour,
And hundreds of the Indian hosts; he still
Found ineffectual, all his efforts to appease
Their hostile spirit tow'rd the *Mass* of whites.
At Spring's return they took him to Detroit,
Together with a portion of his friends,
His fellow-prisoners; and to Hamilton
The British Commandant, presented them,
As an illustrious trophy of the skill
Of Indian stratagem. Boone's lofty air
And dignified demeanor drew respect,
From ev'ry eye that saw him. Hamilton,

Though hostile to the Hero's country, which
Was then emerging from the noxious glooms
Of British tyranny; had yet a heart
That kindly beat with sympathetic throb,
When he the gallant captive view'd. The tear
Of soft commisseration wet his cheek,
While Boone unfolded the benevolent views,
That thus expos'd him to Barbarian pow'r.
The noble Briton, stung with keen regret,
Saw, in the guile of his own government,
A source of the implacable revenge
And prejudice, which, in the Indians' breasts,
Against Columbian whites were entertain'd.
He knew the steel-edg'd Tomahawk and Knife,
The nitrous grain, and deathful gun it charg'd,
By British hands were given the savage hosts
To spill the blood of Freedom's advocates;
And with fell slaughter's gory corses clog
The brilliant wheels of Revolution's Car!
His soul, at this reflection, felt the pains
Which tear the tender bosom *bound by law*
To aid Oppression's arm. And he resolv'd,
Far as his province would permit, to assuage
The sufferings of the Captives. All but Boone
Into his care were willingly transfer'd;
But such the fondness which the savages
For him conceiv'd, that they the powers withstood
Of warm persuasion, and large sums of gold,

Sooner than yield so lov'd, so rich a prize.
Again to Chilicothe they return'd.
Though wearisome and long their march, the charms
Of spring spread wildly round their blooming way;
And the rich plains o'er which they pass'd, adorn'd
With pleasant streams, conspir'd to cheer his soul
And banish painful thought. Upon his brow
No discontent was seen, nor in a word
Or action, during all their tiresome march.
For still his darling purpose was to win
So far the savage confidence and faith,
As to enable him to appease the ire
They bore the infant settlement. Montour
Receiv'd him with fraternal tenderness,
And the whole tribes seem'd more like friends than foes.
His cheerfulness, vivacity and ease,
Each day endear'd him to them more and more;
Until suspicion in their bosoms slept,
And left him free from all their rude restraint.
In farther testimony of respect
And kindness to him, they, as they were wont,
Upon the *Stock* of Shaw'nese savages,
With rude fantastic rites, engrafted him.
He, by a chieftain, was adopted son,
And with the warmth of consanguinity
Was welcom'd by his new-made relatives.
His friendly assiduities secur'd
The affection for him they at first conceiv'd.

Oft with the tawny hunters he travers'd
The game-abounding forests, and before
His rifle's flame-discharging caliber,
As oft, the browsing Deer and Buffalo fell.
An honorary pledge before the King,
The reeking spoils of the adventurous chase
He oftentimes presented. Much was sooth'd
By his amusive converse with Montour,
The secret sorrows of his sensuous soul.
Upon this hoary Sachem eighty suns
Their bleaching beams had shed. A hundred Wars
With their yell-mingled clang had jar'd his ear.
The scars of deep-torn wounds his body trench'd.
In bogs of gore his feet had oft been grum'd.
For many a gulphy grave, in furious fight,
His arm had furnish'd food. The battleing broils
Of the barbarian bands had oft been quell'd,
By intercession of his soothing aid;
For he not less the important destinies
Of council rul'd, than those of clashing war.
A philosophic calmness kept the scales
Of Contemplation balanc'd well, within
His cool-reflecting mind. His anger, like
The great Ohio, ere its torrents rag'd,
Roar'd long, and carried on its wasteful waves
Dark wrecks, Destruction, Terror, Fear, and Death!
With Nature's nervous eloquence endow'd,
Sublimely thundering mid the painted hosts,

He often chain'd attention to his tongue.
He had a solemn gravity of gait,
And native gracefulness of manners join'd;
With a melodious suavity of voice,
And soft inviting aspect that inspir'd
At once, the mingled feelings of respect
And dignified familiarity.
His frame was muscular and very tall,
And turn'd with all the symmetry that strength
And great agility require. The powers
Of age his palm-erect position brav'd,
Without the slightest warp. The storms of time,
Although they'd ravag'd from his lofty head
The long black locks of youth, and torn his cheeks
With many a trench; had not impair'd the spring
Of vigorous thought that energiz'd his soul,
Nor dim'd the steady splendors of his eye.
While flaming on the ecliptic roll'd the Sun,
Much he delighted underneath the shade
Of dark-green poplars to repose with Boone;
And tell traditionary tales of war,
Which wash'd in ages past with waves of blood
The western wilds. But most his masculine mind,
In melancholy majesty elate,
Its bold emphatic eloquence display'd,
When he the marvellous traditions told,
Which from his aged Ancestors he'd learn'd,
Descriptive of the mighty MAMMOTH RACE;

Their form, their fury, ravages, and power,
And their excision from the carnag'd West.
With Nature's unaffected energy,
The wonderous History thus he narrated.
"A thousand winters past, when these dark woods
Were newly planted by the great red Spirit;
When one stupendous forest stretch'd its shades
From the wide waters of the distant West
Beyond the great Missouri's cavern'd source,
To where the oriental billows boil
Beneath the burning ball, that pours each morn
His blazing brightness over their broad breasts;
When nought but ravening beasts and naked men
Through the rude yell-resounding forests roamed;
Before the pallid Prowlers of the East,
Were by their wicked Hell-bred Spirits borne
Upon the thundering Whirlwind's stormy Wing,
Across the intervening deeps, to waste
With fire and steel this ample paradise;
There *then* existed on the mighty Hills
That overlook in frowning prominence
The western sea, a race of monstrous Beasts,
Stupendous as the lowering precipice,
Horrific as the howling fiend of night,
Impetuous as the huge resistless rocks
That rush adown the Alleganean steeps,
Rapacious as the gulphy jaws of Death,
And as the ravenous Hyena cruel;—

Their native wilderness was soon laid waste.
By hunger and ferocity impel'd,
Like an o'erwhelming tempest o'er these plains
Their legions spread. Their headlong weight
The crashing groves uptore. The rivers sunk,
And the great lakes, when they their thirst allay'd.
A thousand hills their dreadful roarings rock'd,
And from the mountains' jutting peaks shook loose
Ther hanging fragments. Awful terrors siez'd
The affrighted animals. The red men quaked.
The invading monsters, at a single meal,
Whole forest herds devour'd. The yells of Death
And wild distress incessantly were heard.
Whole Indian villages were victimiz'd,
And blood and slaughter stain'd the groaning land.
The cries and plaints of expiration, pain,
And fear, the starry vault transpierc'd and reach'd
The Almighty Spirit's flame-emblaz'd abode.
The anger'd God, in sheeted lightnings clothed,
His thunder-mouth'd artillery grasp'd, and pour'd
Along the rocking Heavens, ten thousand peals
Of roaring wrath—then through the bursting arch
Descending, drove from sea to sea his bolts
Of threat'ning vengeance. Still the daring Beasts
Their devastations spread. Alighting next
Upon the Alleganean Battlements,
He cast around his lightning-mingled frowns.
The trembling mountain-summits sunk beneath

His awful presence. Centre-shook, the Earth
In agitated undulations roll'd;
And tumbled from their tempest-blacken'd beds,
Tumultuous, foaming, wild; the surging seas
Their highest shores o'erwhelm'd. The infuriate Herds,
As still more terrible the thunders burst,
And flashing blackness roll'd, still fiercer raged,
And deeper plunged in blood. Thus brav'd, the arm
Of the great Spirit, hurled the slaughtering bolts
Of blazing ire amid the murdering droves;
And keen-prong'd lightnings, volleyed thunder globes,
And forest-wringing whirlwinds on them wreak'd
Their death-commission'd wrath. On every hand
The huge Devourers fell; or, wounded, drag'd
O'er crashing trees and gory carcases
Their mighty mangled limbs. The horrid crush
Of breaking bones, the Heaven-rending roar
Of agony and rage, the sullen groans
Of lingering expiration every where,
The ensanguin'd carnage-cover'd regions shook.
With glaring eye-balls bursting from their heads,
And streaming blood; whole fury-foaming herds
Of the tremendous monsters thunder-torn,
And gored with fiery javelins, headlong rush'd
O'er the resounding ridges, rock-rib'd, rude,
Of shuddering Allegany. Thousands blind,
Impetuous, mad, down Cumberland's huge steeps
Precipitately tumbled—From wild heights,

In crashing tumult, tearing crags and trees,
And heaping on the blood-whelm'd plains below,
The mingled ruins almost mountain high!
All fell beneath the bolted ire save ONE:
He, than the rest more huge and fierce, the flames
And vollied vengeance dauntlessly defied;
And rushing through the thickest clouds of wrath,
That roll'd their lightning-driving thunders round,
The rocky pinnacles and ragged woods
Of the blue-crested Mountains, raged and roar'd
And yell'd indignantly! The gnarled firs,
Fierce-forked flashes rent. The towering pines
In atoms by the blazing bolts were burst;
But still the unconquer'd monster grimly moved
Amid the fiery whirlwinds burning blasts,
Until his rage to furious madness grew;
And urged him from the sky-embosom'd steeps;
Whence boldly bounding o'er the western lakes,
A gloomier, wilder wilderness he sought,
Where unmolested now his dread domain
In solitary majesty he holds."—

With melancholy wonder mix'd with awe,
Refinement's powers the hoary Sachem heard;
For Boone in turn, descanted on the events,
Whose splendid eminence and useful aids
Adorn and dignify the social sphere
Of polish'd man. He told how skilful ART
Had subjugated to his plastic sway,

The mineral empire. How magnific domes,
In grand assemblage, gorgeous cities form,
How by the Compass and the starry chart,
Of astronomic science, guided ships
Adventurous, ride through storms the foaming seas,
And with the golden chain of Commerce bind
The numerous nations of the mighty globe;
Uniting in the kind civilities
Of generous intercourse a thousand climes,
Divided by the desolate expanse
Of interposing oceans—How the *mind*,
Its multifarious thoughts through myriad years,
If Time's uncertain reign so long should last,
By Printing's aidance can perpetuate.
How Agriculture from the furrow'd land,
*Abundant* stores of corn and fruitage draws,
And crowns with plenty, luxury, and ease,
Her cheerful votaries. How Philanthropy
And social Love, in sweet profusion pour
Along Refinement's pleasure-blooming Vales,
Their streams of richest, life-ennobling joy.
Montour, so strong his energies of mind,
Though much amazed that man could e'er such might
And enterprise attain; full well perceived
The degradation of the savage state;
And mourn'd the rueful destiny that drown'd
In blood and gloom, the INDIAN INTELLECT.
By Boone's urbanity and mild address,

The enmity the white hair'd Chieftain bore
The polish'd whites, was partially reduced;
And he at length became disposed to turn
The recking hatchet's life-destroying edge,
From the unvanquish'd Settlers. But alas!
Before his embryo purpose could have birth,
His head lay cold beneath the hand of Death!
For by an apoplectic blow he fell,
And closed his eyes in everlasting sleep!
Wild was the savage woe that wept his fall!
Along the dismal wilderness was pour'd,
The melancholy howl of rude distress.
In all the varied pomp of *Shawanese grief*,
His mournful obsequies were solemnized.
In all the insignia of his rank array'd,
The breathless Sachem's corse was placed upright;
And round it drew in sorrow-sadden'd groupes,
The tawny NATION. His successor rose,
And thus apostrophized the painted clay:

"Lamented Chieftain, we thy children *mourn!*
For thou, who wert in peace our cheering sun!
In the dark battle day our blazing bolt
Of conquering glory! thou art sunk in Night!
Those lips whence streams of purest counsel flow'd,
Now motionless and pale, no more shall pour
The tides of eloquence. Those star-beam eyes,
That glanced pervasive through the thickest brakes,
Nor hiding fowl nor beast left undescried,

Are cover'd with the eternal clouds of Death!
Those limbs that once with active energy,
Fleet as the fear-wing'd elk or flying deer,
O'er vale and mountain bounded, bending well
The strongest bow, or aiming sure the tube
With thundering Death surcharged, are wither'd now,
And wasting into Dust. Those age-bleach'd locks,
Though venerable still with Time-shed snows,
Soon with the furrowed temples which they shade,
Beneath the cold dank earth in darkness closed,
Shall lie. But oh, our much revered Sire!
Although that form of majesty and grace
Must soon be bedded with thy Father's bones,
Thy *spirit* shall forever live! shall live
Forever in the land where life is bliss;
Where tempest-mantled Winter's freezing frown,
And flame-enveloped Summer's withering blaze,
Thy spring's eternal bloom shall never change;
Where flower-perfum'd parterres and purple hills
In various fruitage rich, shall ever spread
Their game-abounding bosoms to the eye.
Where toil no more the nerves shall paralize,
Nor anguish bathe in bitter tears the cheek;
But where thy disembodied Ancestors
Shall hail thee with the holy shout of Love,
And thy participation in their joys
Solicit. Go then, Spirit of Montour!
And on that mighty mountain, where in light

And grandeur clothed, the world's great Father dwells;
Associate with the blythe society
Of kindred bands beatified; go, Sire!
And for thy robes of perishable clay,
The radiant vestments of unending youth
Receive. No hatchets there with human blood
Shall reek. But the red Nations all shall smoke
In that fair land the Pipe of Amity,
And in the plenty-furnish'd tents of Peace,
Together banquet pleasure and repose.
We too shall shortly pass the Western Waves,
And thy felicitous abodes enjoy;
Renewing there with zest more exquisite,
Suspended happiness." With plaintive voice
Coluxo thus the lifeless King address'd.

To the great Shawanese cemetery next
The uncoffin'd corse was borne and there inter'd;
While dolorous dirges o'er the dreary tomb
Were wildly sung. Etch'd on a smooth broad stone,
A hieroglyphical memorial marked
The spot, where mouldering into kindred earth,
The much lamented Chieftain's body slept

All chance of soothing down the savage ire,
Was buried with the heart of good Montour.
Coluxo such aversion bore the whites,
And so inexorable, unyielding, stern,
His purpose towards them; that the blandest arts
And ablest arguments, its vengeful course

Could not avert, nor blunt its dreadful edge.
To labor in Sciota salines, Boone
Was taken now. His intervals from work,
*Ostensibly* in hunting the wild game,
But *really* in exploring the rich lands
Were actively employ'd. A country here
In nature's gayest robes adorn'd, and rich
With fertilizing fatness he beheld.
But cultivation's glittering ploughshare yet,
The mossy surface of its mellow soil
Had never broke. For there rude SOLITUDE,
In forest bowers, her savage offspring nursed;
And unmolested, with her sullen SIRE
Benighted BARBARISM, held her drear domain:
While round her breezy temples, wild-flower wreaths
And green-leaf chaplets dew-bespangled hung.
To introduce within a land so fair,
Luxuriant, healthful, picturesque and gay,
The social graces and sublime delights
Of Civilizement, was a task so grand,
Heroic and humane; that Boone beheld
No hindrance, difficulty, danger, pain,
Nor toil, that could a moment cool the zeal
And ardent eagerness, with which his soul,
The achievement of his glorious purpose sought.
But nathless all his vengeance-soothing skill!
Still sly SUSPICION'S subtle leer, and HATE'S
Repulsive scowl exposed at times,

The secret venom of the savage soul;
And proved its prejudice too deeply grown,
To extirpate by an individual's power.
But when to Chilicothe he return'd;
The gorgon front of savage vengeance met
Unmask'd, and in its fearful terrors dark!
The Hero's keen indignant eye. For there,
The Shawanese Warriors, smear'd with frightful paint,
And arm'd in dreadful panoply of Death,
Against his Fort, precinct to march appear'd.
'Twas Britain's hostile breath that blew to flame,
The slumbering sparks of Indian enmity,
And kindled their distrust of Boone anew.
With its characteristic cruelty,
Her parricidal hand, blood-dripping held
To the wild natives' dim deluded view,
A thousand gilded motives to excite
Their rage against Columbia's patriot sons.
Fit conduits to convey the subtle streams
Of poisoning influence to the savage mind,
In her Canadian provinces were found.
The apostate Girty and his ruffian peers,
Idoneous subjects also form'd, to speed
Her black flagitious views. Their villain souls
Her sanguinary purpose to subserve,
Their reputation, peace, and virtue, sold;
And with Demoniac zeal, to arms inflamed
The tawny host, 'Twere visionary now,

To think with smooth persuasion's dulcet tongue,
And the soft-breathing blandishments of art,
To stay the desolation-threatening storm
Of direful wrath, that brooded darkly round.
How best its bolted thunders to repel
Was Boone's concern, and wisdom's dictate then.
Along with the blood-hungering war-ripe foe,
One night in feign'd content the Hero pass'd.
But under semblance of his wonted sport,
With shoulder'd gun, at morn's first gleam, the groves,
And brakes, and wild-wood labyrinths, he pierced.
Lo now! the lordling stag in antler'd pomp,
*Unheeded* bounds before him; for impel'd
By all the valorous ardor, anxious zeal,
And tender power, that agitate and fire
The Hero's heart, when ruffian hands prepare;
To plunge in RUIN's bloody gulph, his ALL,
His friends, his children, spouse, and patriot hopes;
Boone swiftly traverses the sombre *wastes*,
Until he at the distant Fort arrives.
But there no glowing lap of wedded love
On which his wearied temples to repose,
Nor smiles of filial tenderness and joy,
With which the glooms of care to dissipate,
In extacies of sweet enjoyment drown'd
His warm anticipations; for his spouse,
Despairing e'er again his fond embrace
And beaming eye to meet; believing Death

Had in his life the savage hatchet plunged,
Migrated with her children from the wild,
And sought again beneath her father's roof
In Carolina's civilized retreats,
Security from an infuriate foe,
And consolation to her anguish'd heart.
Although her absence gave his bosom pain,
As 'twas a disappointment of sweet hopes,
Her *safety* form'd a soothing counterpoise,
And reconciled him to the poignant want,
Of her endearing converse and fond smiles.
With gladness exquisite, the Garrison
His unexpected presence hail'd; but soon
The impending tempest's fell approach they learn;
And feel its dark penumbra cast a gloom
O'er joy's benignant splendors. Valor still
Their souls innerved: and in a fixed resolve,
Their Fortress to defend, they jointly leagued.
To strengthen and prepare it to withstand
The blazing brunt, both day and night they toil'd.
The exhilarating news, in a few days,
The arrival of another prisoner brought;
That, consequent on information gain'd
From Spies, the savage host had for a time
Its march defer'd. By new adventurers join'd,
Our Hero's force the hostile tribes alarm'd,
And into serious fermentation threw
Their barbarous councils; which now oft convened

For consultation, how to extirminate
The rising settlement, and bar the West
Against the influx of humanizing light.
The infernal agents of the British realm
Stil their excitement through the credulous clans
Industriously diffused. The fiend Duquesne,
Of the embattled army took command,
And practised it in all the slaughtering arts
Of European War: meanwhile in strength
Our Hero's Fortress grew. Its guardian band,
Though small in number, was in bravery great.
In vigilant suspense, from day to day,
They wait the expected onset. Lo! at length,
Before their walls the fury-featured Host
Arrive. O'er their terrific van, wide flap'd;
Fit symbol of satanic savagery!
The bloody wing of Britain's flesh-stain'd flag!
Upon the *Fort*, no battle-banner flow'd;
But Boone's inspiring Seraph viewless, there
His soul-invigorating fervors breathed.
With the hoarse thunder of assumed command,
The investing Myrmidons on their approach
Bade Boone surrender or to Death submit!
Two days were given the Garrison in which,
From the alternative a choice to make.
Although 'twas but a handful to a host,
And terrible the impending tempest; *yet*
The bold-beleaguer'd band, with daring souls,

And undivided voice, resolved to breast
That tempest's roughest shock. The allotted time
For a response was near at hand. Like Beasts
Carnivorous, hungry, fierce, that grimly watch
With keen unwinking eye the asylum, where
The harmless objects of their greedy rage
From Death retreat; like them, the tawny foe
The invested fortress eyed; until brave Boone
One of its Bastions rose, and to Duquesne
Declared their resolution, to expend
In its defence, their latest throbs of life.
In his ferocious visage, hellish hopes
Were seen expiring; while he heard announced
The valorous Band's heroical resolve:
For he had thought without a risk, his rage
For conquest, cruelty and blood, to glut.
Although successless in the attempt to awe
The gallant Garrison to yield; he hoped
By *stratagem* their strength to break,
And his infernal purpose to achieve.
*For this;* with them he now proposed to treat,
And proffered terms that prudence could not spurn.
Boone sixty paces from the fortress gates,
With eight more men the adverse party met,
As they required. Distrust of their intent,
Our Hero's breast disturb'd. But still his soul
To fear superior rose; and energized
And animated with the power to afford

Another proof of peaceable design
Toward the suspicious foe, resolved to test
The integrity of their intention *thus*.
Terms of capitulation were arranged,
And the Contractors signatures affixed;
When Boone and his co-agents were inform'd,
That 'twas a usage 'mong the Indian tribes
In treaty-forming, their sincerity
And cordial friendliness to testify;
By *two* of their own Chieftains joining hands
With *each* contractor on the white men's side.
To this, Boone and his party gave assent;
And to every man of the deputed band,
Forthwith a brace of the red ruffians march'd;
And seized with PERFIDY's flagitious grasp,
And black Malignity's ferocious grin,
Instead of kindling FRIENDSHIP's placid air,
And mild Pacification's bland embrace,
The guileless Ministers of glorious Peace!
But from the struggling gripe, with vigorous tug
They tore away; and through the treacherous throng,
Amidst a bursting storm of sulphurous flame
And vollied lead, resistless rush'd, unslain!
And all save *one*, unwounded, safely reach'd
The sheltering fort!
The war-yell, shrill and fierce,
Then broke along the oscillating air.
But soon in a disploding tempest drown'd,
Gave place to thunders belch'd from tubes of death,

Against the well-constructed fortress-walls.
A counter-storm the invested Heroes pour'd,
And drew at every *fire* their foemen's blood.
Vain was the hope on either side, to find
In *one or two* diurnal rounds, such change
Of circumstance, as each so hoping wish'd.
The bullet-battering brunt, from dawning morn
Till dusky eve, and through the dismal night,
Upon the fort still ineffective beat.
But still the expectation of a pause
Was disappointed; for the assailing fiends
More furious grew, and fiercer drove the storm,
*As its successless blasts in number grew.*
E'en at the midnight hour, the welkin blazed,
And rage-born yells the haggard dreams disturb'd
Of those of the besieged, who sought in sleep
Refreshment's cheering aid. NINE DAYS AND NIGHTS
Around the well-protected Garrison,
The leaden hail-storm pour'd its pelting showers;
While unsubdued, and suffering little loss,
Two only of its bold defenders slain!
It proudly braved each rudely battering shock;
And with the lightning of its vengeance smote
The savage ranks, until the shatter'd force
Defalcated with Death, with gore defiled,
With hunger weaken'd, and with wounds impair'd,
The siege at length relinquish'd; and return'd
Reluctantly, with slow and crippled march,
Depressed, and grim, to their rude wig-wam Homes.

# THE

# ADVENTURES

OF

# DANIEL BOONE.

## BOOK VII.

## ARGUMENT.

*BOONE on his way to Carolina discovers Vulosko's Charles. His captivity and escape narrated.* 1 *to* 54. *They arrive at Vulosko's; the interview described.* 55 *to* 112. *Vulosko details to Boone the trial and execution of all the surviving Allegany Robbers, save Vonploor.* 113 *to* 215. *Boone resumes his journey, and meets his family.* 251 *to* 290. *With them he returns to Kentucky; and finds the Settlers suffering from the Indian and British foes.* 291 *to* 323. *Death of Boone's Brother—Boone chased by Blood-hounds.* 355 *to* 377. *Bryant's Fortress attacked; the Assailants repulsed.* 394 *to* 421. *They are pursued: Battle at the Blue Licks. Retreat of the Kentuckians to Bryant's Fort.* 422 *to* 701. *There joined by Logan's forces, they return to the field of Battle in search of the Foe, and to bury the dead. The mournful scene described.* 701 *to* 743. *Boone returns to his family with the sad account of the Defeat, and his son Israel's Death.* 743 *to* 760. *Boone, Clarke, and Logan, rouse their brethren to arms, and march against the Savages, drive them from their encampments, burn their towns, destroy their corn, and force them to sue for peace.* 761 *to* 791. *Happier prospects dawn. Panegyrical address to Boone. Picture of the Western Republic.* 792 *to* 821. *Eulogium on the Occidental States. A tribute of praise to their gallant Patriots.* 823 *to* 892. *The Poem concludes with an address to the Females of the West, and the Author's fervent desires for the prosperity of the Western States.*

# THE

# ADVENTURES

OF

# *DANIEL BOONE.*

## BOOK VII.

DRAWN by Affection's heart-connecting ties,
Boone breaks again the monster-mantling glooms,
And hies alone towards the blue crested HILLS.
While traversing the intervening vales
In reveries immersed; one sultry day,
Before him, near a gliding Brook, he saw
Reclined asleep on flower-impurpled moss,
A manly-featured Youth, in fur-skins clothed
With gun beside him. Boone amazed, awhile,
Inspected close with curious ken, his garb
And aspect strange. But nought descried that could
His origin unfold, or that bespake
Him civilized, the fairness of his face
Except: then dauntlessly advancing, call'd
In gentle tone. Upstarting wild, the youth

His gun close-grasp'd, and sternly gazed on Boone;
Whose air and words convinced him soon, that harm
He need not fear. Each briefly told his views.
But scant and lame the language of the Lad
Came staggering from his tongue; for several years
Had flown, since he his native speech address'd,
To any human ear beside his *own*.
For lo! he is Vulosko's noble Charles!—
Not, as his reverend Father had supposed
Had he been slain; but wounded by the Fiends,
The fell Choctaws, and borne to their rude homes;
Where six slow-lingering years in savage thrall,
As son to an old Sachem he had lived.
Meanwhile he cherish'd in his manly heart
A hope, once more, when ripening Time gave strength
And firmness to his nerves, and to his mind
Maturer enterprise, to see his Sire,
His Sister, and dear scenes of juvenile joy.
Thus saved from sinking in the blood-dark waves
Of horrible despair, he wisely shaped
His manners to accord with savage life;
And with the murderous Choctaws remain'd,
Enjoying all that he had ground to hope;
Until imbolden'd by increasing powers,
He venturously resolved to pass the pale
Of barbarous thraldom, and essay to find
Those distant scenes for which so long he'd sigh'd.
But when amid the pathless glooms he plunged,

'Too dim was Memory's chart to point his way;
For when its *lines* were pencil'd, phrenzied Pain
Their sickly tints confused and half expunged.
He therefore without any guiding clue,
Bewildered, wander'd through the mazy waste
Some weeks; until he chanced to reach the Brook
Whose blooming borders woo'd him to repose
Upon their lovely lap; where gently lull'd
By murmurs mild, in slumbers sweet he lay
When Boone arrived.

Together now they wend
On their less lonely way. They pass the plains,
The mountains scale; and see! Vulosko's groves,
Wave gratulant before the approaching guests!
And his rejoicing mansion now receives
The much-loved Friend and welcome Stranger-Youth.
Boone's soul with fluttering extacy was full!
'Twas now to him, a moment big with bliss
And exquisite solicitude!—Each glance
Melcena and Vulosko cast on Charles,
He vigilantly watch'd—Inquiry strange,
And curious eagerness were in their looks—
Boone bade them recognize their youthful guest.
A breathless silence follow'd—tears in streams
Roll'd down his callow cheeks—emotions strong
And varied mark'd their faces and convulsed
Their breasts, while they his *agitation* view'd:
For join'd with *that*, they in his mien descried

A strange mysterious something, which o'erwhelm'd
With melancholy tenderness their souls ;
And brought to mind the dear-remember'd Charles.
While thus in deep solicitous suspense
They stood; Boone from the Battery of Bliss
Gave their enfeebled nerves the enrapturing SHOCK!
Each seizing Charles' hand, beside him sunk;
And in the mingled transports of sweet joy
And warm felicitous Affection, swoon'd!
'Twas now a time of awful extacy!
From every eye, a general gush of joy
Profusely flow'd—the Servants press'd their hands,
And raised to Heaven their eyes in Gratitude.
Some moments had elapsed, ere Melville's strength
Could aid him to support his weeping wife;
And Boone so paralized with rapture was,
That as he raised Vulosko's silver'd head,
And thence the trickling drops of transport wiped,
He trembled as if shook by storms of Age!
The flood of ravishment at length assuaged,
Through the pellucid moisture of their eyes,
Serenely shone the lustre of delight;
While *gentler* tumults softly swell'd their breasts.
So when the mighty Ocean-storm subsides,
Mild splendor through the humid azure beams ;
And though the surgy *heaving* of the tide
Has ceased, the bosom of the settling Deep
Still undulates with lightly lingering power

Which the tumultuous tempest leaves behind.
The anticipation of Beatitude,
In which, to be enjoy'd beyond the grave,
Vulosko's pious spirit had indulged,
Seem'd merging now in the effulgent dawn
Of actual bliss, of sweet Reality!
And though his tedious Pilgrimage through life
O'er thorny, dank and dismal solitudes
And rugged, rough and tottering steeps had been,
Until its hastening close was near at hand;
It then a fragrant flowery slope became,
With streams of transport bounteously enrich'd,
And with Affection's cloudless sunshine crown'd.
In converse such as the occasion claim'd,
The lightsome moments glided smoothly by.
Vulosko after Charles' narrative
Was copiously detail'd, at Boone's request,
The doom of the Banditti-Miscreants told;
And brief but eloquent Description gave
Of the judicial ordeal which they pass'd.
Whose outlines here the Muse in homely tint
Will sketch. "Vonploor's recovery fix'd the time,
When Justice was to lift the awful Scales
Of life and death, and ascertain their fate.
Report had rumor'd far and wide the day
Of solemn scrutiny; and when it came,
To witness the important scene, to Court
The country flock'd. Though ample was the Dome,

It soon was crouded by the anxious throng.
The Culprits through the staring multitude,
Trembling to the momentous bar were led.
Upon his magisterial seat, august,
Serenely stern, the venerable Judge
In ermin'd purple robed, deep-musing sat.
The law-learn'd Counsel their enclosure fill'd,
And with forensic tomes their Book-bench piled.
Proemial ceremonies having closed;
Through deep Interrogation's flexuous maze,
The Witnesses were artfully pursued,
Until its various windings they evolved.
Then rose with solemn grace and mien demure,
The learned Defender of infracted Law;
And thundering in his injured Patron's cause,
Its wrongs in strong perspicuous terms announced;
The Culprits through their midnight ranges traced,
Their violence burglarious, bloody, fell,
Inhuman, dire! in vivid portrait drew;
Depictured scenes of agony and woe,
Of ruin, wretchedness and penury,
Incurable distraction and despair;
The effects of their flagitious ravages
And ruthless murders. Loud and forcibly,
The penalties of anger'd Justice peal'd,
From his impassion'd tongue. In lucid phrase,
The sanctity of legal institutes
He skilfully expounded; shewing how

Impunity extended to *high Crimes*,
Imboldens Vice; sheds on the guilt-gloom'd soul,
A gleam of hardening hope; the turpitude
And *civil* harmfulness of villainy,
In the Offender's view diminishes;
Corrodes with Rapine's rust the golden bands,
That bind in one harmonious Brotherhood,
The family of man, until they burst,
And into wretched Dissolution fall,
The peaceful systems of the social world;
And Anarchy, ferocious Violence,
Ambition, Slaughter, Cruelty and Theft,
Amid their blood-o'erfloated ruins roam.
To him succeeded the learn'd Advocates
Of the arraign'd. Much seeming sympathy
Was melting in their manner, eyes and mien;
While in a tone as summer's evening breeze
Or Spring's love-modulated sonnets soft,
And tender as kind Pity's plaining sigh,
Pathetic strains of eloquence they pour'd.
But 'twas a rill essaying to arrest
A headlong torrent; 'twas an Infant's plaint
Struggling a Nation's thunders to confound.
Though skill'd in all the subtleties and wiles
Of argument, though practiced in the art
Of weaving Sophistry's thin gossamer
Into Truth-concealing mantles; now their skill
Was foil'd; and through the unsubstantial veil
Around it cast, the blaze of Justice shone.

Debate of counsel ended, she pronounced
Through the impanneled Guardians of her rights,
Her clear conviction of the Culprits' guilt;
And by the solemn organ of her will
Their condemnation spake!—In breathless awe,
The listening croud the impressive sentence heard:
While Guilt aghast, his bloody picture view'd;
And bowed in homage to the spotless form
Of Probity, portrayed in coloring strong,
By the Denunciator of his doom.
In preparation for a state untried,
The abbreviated remnant of their lives,
The mercy-pleading Malefactors pass'd.
Soon came the awful day, which was to close
Their mortal scene. Around the gallows, throng'd
Fast-gathering thousands, from each peopled tract
Of the encircling country. Dread indeed,
And terrible the exhibition was!
Corporeally energic men, in Life's
Meridian, darkly shrouded in the glooms
Of direst Guilt, from their stained orbits torn,
And hurl'd into Eternity's deep gulphs,
To meet the judgment of a God incensed,
Was a phenomenon most terrible!
A spectacle, o'erwhelming to the mind
Unindurated by the hardening force
Of crime-familiarizing Vice. Ere on
The shoreless waves their shrieking ghosts were cast,
To the compassion-softened multitude,

An awful admonition they address'd.
They warned them, by the anguish of Remorse;
By all the tortures of a Conscience torn
With fangs of ceaseless Agony; by all
The horrors of an everlasting Hell;
By the heart-piercing stings of Infamy,
And poisoned tooth of dolorous Despair;
By all their hopes of Happiness on earth,
And sweet Beatitude beyond the tomb;
To eschew the dangerous Vortices of Guilt;
To fly the guzzling gurge of Drunkenness;
To shun the treacherous sloughs of Indolence;
To practice Virtue, Honesty and Truth;
And live, instead of Outcasts like themselves,
Supporters of harmonious Polity,
The zealous friends of Piety and Law;
That they, when called from this sad sphere of Time,
Might to an honorable grave descend:
Where Scorn should never cast his withering scowl,
To blight the turf-adorning grass and flowers
That o'er their much-lamented ashes wave;
But tender-eyed Affection shed her dews,
And melancholy Friendship love to mourn.
This parting counsel given, the dreadful cord
Retributive of angered Justice, swung
The Malefactors from this blood-stained Ball,
Into the wide-stretch'd arms of Waiting Death.
When to Contrition's sway their hearts succumb'd;
The Sufferers of their Midnight Crimes they told,

Far as their knowledge would permit; to whom,
And others who advanced attested claims,
The rescued *spoils* were speedily restored."
This theme dismiss'd, in various converse pass'd
The cheerful Eve; until its far advance
Admonished Boone, his travelled limbs to rest.
At morn's return, he bade his friends farewell;
And his wild solitary route resumed.
Departed raptures of Domestic Love,
Now from the Mirror of his Memory shone
In mellow lustre through his melting breast,
And waked redoubled ardor, to renew
Their long-suspended joys. His soul was winged
With fluttering fervor, and his bounding limbs
Seemed buoyant o'er the rugged wild to bear.
Once more he emerges from the desert glooms,
And treads on Carolina's cultured Vales.
His darling Wife's paternal home drew nigh.
High in the spangled concave hung the Moon.
The midnight dews slow-drizzling, steeped the plains.
Along the river-course, the curdly mists
In winding volumes rose. The Night-Birds' screams,
Responsive issued from the weedy marsh.
The heavy tinklings of remembered bells,
Struck slowly on the shadowy ear of Night.
No taper glimmered from the neighboring farms.
The Hero pass'd his former home. To him,
All seemed a sweetly melancholy dream!
The solemn Oak, which oft to him and friends

In summer-tide had lent its grateful shade,
Seemed an acquaintance which he dare not pass
Unnoticed, One sad moment at the Gate,
He paused. New tenants now the mansion held.
All dark and silent, its old Master's loss
It seemed to mourn. He sighing drop'd a tear,
And then sped on. The scenes of many a year
Rose in review, before his musing mind.
He reached the lane which led to his loved Spouse
And darling Children. Agitation shook
His joyous breast—the ancient stile is passed—
The yard is cross'd—the silent door he raps—
The snow-lock'd Sire demands, "what Guest is there?"
"Your hapless Daughter's long-lost Husband Boone!"
The soul-transporting voice her chamber reached,
And shouts of extacy proclaimed her joy—
A rapturous consternation through the house
Prevailed. For he had come as from the grave!
All having long believed and mourned him dead.
Again the endearments of connubial love
And filial fondness, in their tenderest forms,
His bosom thrill. But few the days of rest
And ease his enterprising zeal allowed;
For soon the tiresome Wilderness again,
He with his noble family traversed back.
He found the Settlers suffering much distress:
With the fierce foe hard had they to contend;
Many in groaning agony had writhed
Beneath his horrid scalp-dissevering Knife,

Or perished in the ruthless fagget-flames.
E'en fenceless Beauty, unoffending Babes,
And feeble age by his rude hands had bled,
Had suffered all that Fury could inflict.
Nor was it the red ravagers alone,
Whose rage and cruelty they had to feel;
For still infuriated England led
The bloody hosts, their hostile hearts inflamed,
And in their ranks her merciless minions mixed.
Behold! where British Bird, at Licking-Forks,
'Gainst Martin's Garrison and Riddle's pours
His Cannon's slaughtering thunder, and compels
The unwary and defenceless Habitants,
To his o'erpowering demon force to yield.
See! there, the tyger-hearted ruffians load,
With galling luggage, the imbecile Fair;
And urge them, heedless of their tender plaints,
Along the wearisome and dismal Wastes;
'Till faint and sinking underneath their toil,
The bloody hatchet frees them from their woe.
But Boone's invigorating presence braced
The sinews of the bleeding settlement;
And banished thence the accumulating glooms.
So the enlivening Sun, when Nature droops
Relaxed, long shrouded in ungenial clouds,
At length, from his remote retirement breaks;
Enkindles in her veins fresh energy;
Her eye with sparkling lustre reillumes;
And from her face the gathered darkness drives.

But while inspiriting his harassed friends,
And with the wonted prowess of his arm
Defending Females, Infancy and Age;
Our Hero in his heart a wound received,
That even pierced his manly Fortitude.
A Brother, whom most ardently he loved,
Now to the murderous foe a victim fell.
As they together through the forest hied,
Returning home from Licking River plains,
The ambush'd Ruffians fired the deathful charge,
And in his gore the gallant Woodsman laid.
Before his Angel-Guardian's viewless shield,
The fleet Survivor flew; while bursting fierce
From their concealment, rapidly pursued
The yelling fiends. Their hellish chase to aid,
[loosed;
Their hoarse-lung'd Blood-Hounds on his track they
Swift on, the carnage-nurtured monsters strained;
And the vast Desert with their clamors roared.
In vain, by mazy doublings through the Brakes,
And by accelerated speed, he strove,
The slaughter-hungering pack's pursuit to foil.
Intent, and sure as Death, through every turn
Of the deep-tangled labyrinths, his steps
They swiftly trace. Still close and closer drew
The dreadful cry. The savage whoop behind,
Ascending wild at once from various points,
Bespake it dangerous longer to remain
Within the thickets' bounds; and forth he burst

Into the forest's less entangleing wood.
Soon on his view, the raging Blood-Hounds broke.
At his aimed Rifle's peal, the foremost fell.
The residue sweep on—again he flies,
And flying charges the death-pouring tube:
Then wheeling, stiffens one more of the pack.
His flight resumed, a second time he essays
His gun to charge: when, lo! close at his heels,
Vociferous, foaming, panting, glare-eyed, grim,
The fierce Survivors press'd; with winding sweep,
And forceful, with his gun, as round he turned,
Boone fell'd *two* of them lifeless to the ground,
And backward frightened the remaining *three;*
Which soon most furiously the attack renewed,
But were with crippled limbs again repulsed;
Nor dared they to the onset to return:
But vanquished, lame and sullen skulk'd away.
The screaming Savages are now in view,
But Boone at distance almost disappears,
And now has reached a sheltering brake secure.
  Some respite from the red ferocious foe,
And his more vile and criminal ally,
The coming Winter to the Settlers brought.
Though oft by petty molestations mar'd,
In strength the young establishment still grew;
At sight of which, to tenfold vengeance stung,
The venal Myrmidons of tyrant power,
Quick through their tawny coadjutors' breasts,
Their murder-rousing virulence infused.
At length, in dread confederation linked,

The sanguinary clans of Cherokees,
Wyandots, Shawanese, Delawares, Tawas,
And other savage nations, hot for blood,
On Chilicothe's plains their war-fiends poured;
Where round Britannia's gore-stained banner, they
With her Canadian Mercenaries leagued,
By the black-hearted villain Girty led,
'Gainst Bryant's Fortress the grim squadrons move.
As gathers silently the midnight storm
Dark-rolling, round some sleep-enveloped dome
Unconscious of the impending violence;
Until its bursting thunder-peals, its Winds'
Rash roar, its vollied showers of battering hail,
And flashes fierce of flames electric break
The slumberous spell; so round the unwary Fort,
Enshrouded in nocturnal gloom, the Host
Of slaughter-hungering Ruffians gather'd; dark,
Horrific, noiseless, sullen! While *within*,
A sleep-born silence held her solemn sway;
'Till a deep yell, the signal of assault,
Invaded rudely their astounded ears,
And roused the slumbering Garrison to arms.
Now beat upon the well-defended walls,
The blazing tempest's thunder-driven blasts
Of rattling lead. In vain their fury roar'd;
The strong Defences every shock withstood,
Until the foil'd assailants were repell'd.
Two days unceasingly the siege had flamed,
When by the forcibly resisting fire,

'Twas broken up. The baffled army, maim'd,
And bleeding, marched forthwith to the Blue Licks;
Anticipating festinate pursuit,
Which eagerly it wish'd: for still its strength
Was great, its fury fierce and unsubdued.
From Lexington, from Harrodsburg, and each
Contiguous neighborhood and Station, rush'd
At summons of the gallant Harland, Trigg,
M'Gary, Todd and Boone, Kentucky's pride!
Her bravest patriots! the retreating foe
To encounter. Borne on lofty-mettled steeds,
The wilds in martial majesty they swept,
Till Licking's craggy banks before them frown'd.
When, lo! retiring from the opposing shore,
The rear of the grim Demons they beheld.
With awful consequence the crisis teem'd.
The gallant Horsemen halted; prudence claim'd
A moment's consultation, on the course
To be pursued. For various were the marks
Upon the savage route impress'd, to prove
The foe in number four-fold times as great,
As was Kentucky's patriot band; and well
Were Boone and others versed in Indian wiles
Assured, from numerous stratagems descried
In the procedure of the tawny host,
That it design'd to lure them to their death.
Boone knew the ground; and by request detail'd
The system he thought safest to adopt.
In an elliptic course the River wound.

The whole of the peninsulated land,
The browsing Buffalo-Herds had bared; save that
A few storm-shatter'd trees, still here and there,
Clung lonely in the rock-incrusted soil.
From Licking, to the opposite extreme
Of the ellipsis, ran a rugged Ridge,
Whose sides and summit, full two-thirds their length
Uncover'd lay, and were to view exposed
From its dark-timbered end; where, clothed in shrubs,
The heads of two diverging ravines met;
Which to the curving stream on either side
Of the ellipse extended. Boone foresaw
The snare the skulking Caitiffs had prepared;
And warn'd his party of an *ambuscade*:
Exhorting them their forces to divide,
And by a simultaneous march inclose
The Ruffians, in the toils themselves had lain;
Or wait a reinforcement from their friend,
The intrepid Logan; who, with generous zeal
Kentucky's green unsullied banner bore
Among her martial patriots, rousing them
To arm for their embattled brethren's aid,
Much the judicious counsel was approved,
And gave fair indications to succeed.
When, daringly impatient, ardent, rash,
M'Gary thunderingly exclaimed; "To Death
Or Conquest! Cowardice may waste in *words*
The time, and here, secure from Danger, lag;
But Valor will with me in Battle dare,

Without delay, the insulting Savages!"
He paused not for reply; but spur'd his steed,
The war-shout raised, and rush'd into the stream.
The impetuous ardor spread. The council broke.
All in precipitate disorder stem'd
The dashing torrent, swept with clattering speed
The rock-paved ridge, 'till at its oak-crown'd end,
They met the vengeance of the yelling foe,
And halted in the whirlwind's flaming front.
Swift from their Horses leap'd the eager band.
Our HERO, Harland, Trigg, M'Gary, Todd,
And Israel Boone, all breasted the dread Host;
With daring vehemence, distinguish'd might,
And soul-inspiriting precedency.
Coluxo, Costea, and their base Colleague
The renegado Girty, led the ranks
Of the demoniac enemy; and vied
In dangerous prowess, and destructive deeds
With the Kentuckian CHIEFTAINS. Fiercer flames
The conflict, as more near the Hosts approach.
With Rifle-peal and Indian-yell, with plaint
Of Death and valor-rousing shout, the Glyns
And Groves reverberate. At every blast,
On either side, the slaughtering storm cut down
Full many a warrior bold, in *blooming prime.*
The gallant Todd has fallen! Low in blood
He lies! Yet, hear! his dying accents cheer
His brave Compatriots. "Oh, my Friends! pause not
To pity me! The living claim your care:

Your Mothers, Sisters, Daughters, Wives and Babes.
I die for them, and soon shall be in Heaven,
Maintain the fight, and if you nobly fall,
You'll follow me."—The battle thunders burst
More terribly destructive, as the soul
Of the fallen Hero fled. A wilder scream
Broke from the foaming, painted fiends of blood;
While Vengeance-frantic, rush'd in closer fray
The adverse Champions.—Hatchets hurl'd
Blood-reeking through the Rifle-spouted flames,
Enhanc'd the horrors of the deathful din.
Where thickest flew the death-wing'd weapons, Trigg
The vollied Counter-Tempest to direct,
His gallant aidance gave. Coluxo mark'd
His martial port and slaughtering vehemence;
And springing forward, drove his Battle-Axe
Full at the intrepid Whiteman's ample breast.
Deep in life's purple Cistern had it plung'd;
But that Trigg's Rifle-Lock its shivering force
Received. Disarm'd, he seized the edged weapon;
And rush'd to cleave the enraged Coluxo down.
But Costea, Hatchet-arm'd, sprang forth to meet
The coming Champion. Fiercely flash'd with rage
Their meeting eyes, Defiance darkly roll'd
Upon their Vengeance-undulated brows.
Contiguous to the awful ground they trode,
The Battle-blaze a moment was extinct.
A hundred eyes in eager gaze were fixed
Upon the approaching Chiefs. A hundred hands,

With sympathetic impulse griped their guns,
And backward rose in hostile attitude,
As the stern Combatants their Hatchets raised.
They strike! The blow half-baffled, each receives
Slight in his shoulder's brawn, Again descends,
On either side, the fury-driven axe.
From Costea's bone-bared jaw, huge flesh flakes fall.
Another brunt! again the Indian bleeds!
And from his wounded hand, the weapon drops.
With instant bound, his head he heaves full-aim'd
At Trigg's blood-dripping breast, that like some oak,
'Gainst which the furious Bull his frontlet drives,
Unyielding the impetuous shock sustains.
Now Costea seizes the descending axe,
And wards the blow aimed at his plumeless head.
With his uninjured hand he tugs for life,
But vainly: from his desperate gripe,
Trigg wrenches the destructive Tomahawk,
And plants it in his head. He reels, he sinks!
Adown his long dark locks, profusely streams
The gushing life-tide.—Again is plunged
Deep in his brain, the bleeding steel. He dies!
Behold! in gloomy wrath Coluxo comes!
His stride is terrible! His dreadful brow
Upon the victor Champion scowls; his eye
Through the death-threatening tempest of his face,
Like the storm-reddening meteor of deep Night,
Portentously its flaming ire emits.
He brandishes aloft a reeking axe,

Snatched from the grasp of an expiring Peer.
Trigg, maugre much from his gashed breast had flown
His vigor, rushes to the combat dire,
And falls! Boone, the Hero's doom beheld;
And, hastening whence he had the hottest blaze
Of the dread fight sustained, Coluxo's rage
Resolved to quell; but ere the ground he gain'd,
From which the slaughtering Sachem he could mark
With certain aim; he saw his gallant son,
The blooming Israel reeling from the ranks,
And bathed in streaming blood; while on him rush'd,
With the curved scalping steel, the demon fell,
Whose fatal fire had in his valorous breast
The deathful lead impel'd. He saw, and flew
Through whizzing balls, to reach the wounded Youth:
But halting in his hazardous career,
The scalp-dissevering savage shot: then ran,
And raised his dying Israel in his arms;
Who thus in accents faint his feelings spake—
"Oh, Father! God preserve thy noble life
To see this lovely land I now must leave,
Become the happy Garden of the World;
To soothe my darling Mother's mourning heart;
And be my Brothers' and my Sisters' Friend!
Oh! if you live to tell my hapless doom;
To them my dying benediction bear.
God save my Father!"—Death his utterance quenched.
The Battle-tempest, from the flaming Wood
With more destructive vengeance now emerged.

In its sulphureous vortex Slaughter rode;
Grinding his gory teeth, and yelling deep
And joyously, as on the gushing blood
Of gasping Heroes, glared his baleful eye.
A more exultant scream he shrilly pours,
As the Herculean Harland groans his last:
And well the life-devouring fiend might joy,
For ne'er a prouder trophy marked his sway.
Nought else but desperate temerity
Could have impell'd Kentucky's patriot band,
The o'erwhelming death-tide longer to sustain.
Before its roaring wrath they therefore fled.
Infernal acclamations; such as shake
The burning vaults of Hell, when conquest crowns
The conflicts of its King with virtuous souls;
Along the reddened welkin fiercely burst,
And roll the savage joy wide o'er the waste.
Before the reeking hatchet's lifted edge,
The close-beset regression was maintained,
Until the River's dangerous pass was reach'd.
There, dreadful was the wasteful rage of Death!
The fortunate few who had their steeds regained,
Escaped unharm'd—But terrible the fate
Of those on foot! Deep roll'd the surging stream;
On either bank huge hung the shattered crags;
Precipitate and violent the press
That urged the exhausted Heroes' hurried flight.
O'ertaken, wounded, faint, some fall on shore:
Part through the narrow inlet gain the ford:

Part from the beetleing cliffs plunge in the stream:
Some less enfeebled and more daring wheel;
And meet the foemen on the River's brink
Boone there encounters fierce Coluxo's might.
Each ere they meet, the missive Hatchet drives
Effectless at the other's wary head.
Their emptied rifles next, with forceful sweep
And shivering clash, in rude collision meet!
The Champions stagger from the ponderous shock.
Again their fragment weapons through the air
They wind, and bring them down in contact dread.
The remnant stocks in thousand splinters fly.
The Antagonists, enraged to see their blows
Thus wasted, grasp with more infuriate gripe
The naked Barrels, wield them with more force;
And a half-baffled brunt on either's head
Impel. A moment to their knees they sink.
Recovered from the stunning stroke, they rise:
But from their hands, their battered tubes have fallen.
In instantaneous grapplement they join.
And struggle on the craggy verge! their brain
With rage and its late jar vertiginous!—
Behold! they seem just toppling o'er the flood:
The shattered brink now breaks! the sliddering mass
Before them crashing, sweeps the hoary ruin.
They headlong follow! Still in stubborn clutch
Conjunctive, midway down the smoking steep
A prominence their dread descent arrests;

Where on the impeded pile new-fallen, they lodge.
Coluxo's undermost and bears the shock.
But lo! he heaves with Ægean rage to rise.
Strong is the struggle now, and perilous:
For narrow is the intercipient ledge,
And dangerous the rocky points beneath.
Its burdened base is trembling o'er the flood
That dashes darkly by. The moment teems
With destiny. His danger Boone surveys,
And disenthrals himself with vigorous wrench;
A stunted Cedar grasps, and drives his feet
Against the swift-advancing Combatant;
Who, by the forceful impulse strongly driven,
Precipitately from the peak descends,
And plunging in the torrent's shuddering deeps,
A moment he's ingulph'd! emerging now,
With visage rage-convulsed, and eye strained upwards,
Fierce-flashing on his bold Antagonist,
He flings the billows from his heaving sides,
And bounds and flounces towards the frowning shore.
Boone marked his mad and desperate approach;
And from the rifted crag, a loosened rock
Full on his head impetuously impel'd.
Profusely boiling from his bursted skull, [rose,
Through the white-bubbling waves, the life-streams
And striped with purple lines the watery woof.
His eye Boone glances round. He cannot scale
The steep, nor has he footing to descend.

Into the booming stream he therefore bounds!
And on the billows rapidly is borne,
To where the Battle blazes o'er the Ford.
There, through a scene of direst massacre,
Unarm'd he rushes. Mingled yells and groans
From bank to bank resound; and blood and flames,
The corse-polluted waves in crimson clothe.
*Here* closed in deadly conflict, now immersed,
Now rising through the strangling surge, appear
The adverse Combatants; while blind and faint,
The wounded *there* are reeling seen, till roll'd
By the red torrent to its drowning gulphs.
Now, as the rugged crags yon Hero climbs,
The death-shot drives him through—His action ends.
A moment to the rock he feebly clings—
[loose;
He backward bends—His strengthless hands break
Down, down the precipice, he headlong falls!
And at its base a bleeding ruin floats.
But Boone the friendly shore has safely gained:
And lo! the Horsemen halt and wheel and fire!
Short time, the vehement pursuit is check'd:
Kentucky's gallant residue on land,
At length arrive:—Again the deep-mouthed yell
Hot pour'd, the sanguinary chase proclaims;
Which ceases not, till Bryant's sheltering Fort
Receives the exhausted band. There, on his march,
Brave Logan and his gallant force, they meet.
These with them wend to the red slaughter-field,

Eager to avenge their fellow-patriots' doom.
But the Barbarian Victors have escaped;
And sated Death sleeps on the silent ground.
Oh, what a mournful spectacle is there!
Behold! the Hero who three days ago,
In towering elegance and manhood's bloom,
The ranks of Battle graced; now roll'd in gore,
Out-stretch'd and pallid on the corse-strewn plain!
No more to meet the embrace of that fond Wife
And prattling Son, who gazed with tearful eyes,
As from his sylvan mansion he withdrew,
Waving his hand in token of his love.
Ah, God! what gloomy Stillness hovers round
The bloody scene. No sound its awful reign
Disturbs; save the gorged Vulture's dismal croak;
As from his prey with dark and heavy wing,
He rises slowly to the laden bough
Of some huge Oak. In solemn mood, with steps
Of meditative measure, 'mongst the slain
The Heroes move. See Boone stand weeping o'er
His mangled son! Now claspingthe cold hand!
And now, ere in the grave's dark cell the Youth
Is covered, gently severing from his locks,
A relick dear to the maternal heart.
The sepulture's performed; Night spreads her shades;
And the scared prowlers, to the carnaged ground
Return; where dismally they howl 'till morn.
To all, especially to Boone, it was
A night of dreariest sadness; hoarsely plained

The putrid River-surge; the Night-Birds screamed
In notes of shrillest horror; and the skies
Afflicted for Kentucky's rueful loss,
Their melancholy vestments had assumed.
How could they not? For Angels there abide,
And they beheld her wrap'd in saddest Grief;
Beheld her widowed Fair, as through their hearts
The awful tidings of their husbands' death
Transpierced; in wildest phrenzy clasp their Babes,
And weep in all the wretchedness of Woe.
The task of keenest agony to Boone
Had yet to be perform'd. Oh! see him now
Approaching sadly his expecting home.
His Infants spy at distance their loved Sire.
His solemn step is marked. His Wife beholds
The boding blood-stains on his altered robes—
No ISRAEL comes in view! Each little breast
Predictive beats—Her own tumultuous heaves—
'Tis true! that look, that silence speak it so!
'Tis true, the darling Youth shall never more
Return to enjoy the transports of their love.
Behold, the embrace that bursts the swelling heart!
Tears now have vent, and deluge every cheek.
See with what frantic tenderness, what throbs
Of deep emotion, the sad mother takes
The sacred lock of her "departed Son,"
With ardent kisses seals it to her lips,
And washes off with tears its bloody stains.
To Sorrow's sway, throughout the settled bounds

Of young Kentucky, *vengeful* zeal succeeds.
With thundering emphasis, his heeded voice
Boone raised, and bade his Western Brethren rouse
To Battle, and their rising country save!
The good, the valiant, the immortal Clarke
And Logan seconded the patriot call;
And pointed to that Hill's ensanguined brow,
Where gallant Harland, Todd and Trigg had bled!
A thousand bosoms at the summons burn'd,
To mingle in the blood-avenging fight.
The Stripling, and the Grand Sire grey in years,
The half-plough'd furrow and the fire-side leave;
To wield the implements of direful War.
The Host is marshal'd, and the march begins.
The Foemen learn its menacing approach,
And their untenable encampment fly.
The howl of Horror, Consternation wild,
And yellings of infuriated wrath,
Through their distracted Villages extend.
Behold! these too the tawny swarms forsake!
And where they late their barbarous orgies held,
Devasting flames now revel. Ruin's stride
And Whirlwind-breath the embattled ranks attend.
The Chilicothes now in embers glow!
Will's Town and Peckaway are sinking too,
Beneath fierce Conflagration's wasteful blasts.
Rude Desolation sweeps the Corn-clothed fields,
And to the Indians' view a prospect spreads;
That e'en their boldest Warrior's arm unnerves,

And prompts their Chiefs to supplicate for PEACE.
Columbia's Western Star in splendors now,
Through an unclouded azure streaming, sheds
On drooping hearts, the beams of sweetest Hope;
And withers to a scroll the grumous flag
Of groaning War. His labors, Boone beholds
Unfolding their rich Comforts o'er the West:
While Amity's restrictive bonds confine
The nerves of savage Slaughter. Happy now,
In contemplation of the brightening scene,
He to AFFECTION'S sweet embrace retires;
And reaps the Harvest of his useful toils.
Immortal Founder of stupendous States!
While generous prowess wakes the soul's applause;
While consecration to a Nation's weal
Of all the energies of Mind and Nerve,
Enkindles warm sensations of regard;
Thy name, in Freedom's sun-crown'd Fane enshrined,
With the rich incense of a Million's love
Embalmed, shall live. How rapturous to thy heart,
Thou venerable Hero! How sublime,
How beauteous, how divine! the prospect now
Of that Republic, which thy patriot hand
Implanted in the direful Wilderness.
Lo! flourishing uncankered, and immense,
It strengthens, rises, spreads and blooms to Heaven!
Its branches mingle with the stars; and crown'd
With Harps Angelic, wave mid purest gales
Celestial; animate with melody,

By Freedom's Seraph Martyrs sweetly made;
And fragrant as the fruits of Paradise.
Well might it fill with an extatic pride
The soul of him, whose valor laid the base
Of Free Columbia's occidental States;
To view the *glories* that invest them now!
Where shall the Muse the Reader's eye direct,
To shew the brightest deeds, where all are bright
In grand extreme? Who can the blazing disk
Of the unclouded Orb of Day divide,
And say behold the most effulgent part?
Shall she pursue the Widow's plaining sigh,
To where the graves of Daviess, Owen, White,
And Spencer bloom in Honor's purest beams,
Embossing the dark wilds where WABASH rolls?
Or shall she turn to Raisin's awful plains,
And point to where the bones of Allen, Mead,
M'Cracken, Edwards, Simpson, Hickman, Hart,
And Woolfolk hallow the ensanguined soil?
Or to Sandusky's shore and sing the applause
Of Croghan, Freedom's Western Washington,
And his immortal Band; whose patriot names,
The Tyrants of succeeding times shall dread,
And future Proctors tremble when they hear?
Oh no! 'tis wasting language to detail.
Ohio's and Kentucky's Fame extends
Wherever valorous Liberty is loved;
And even rolls its splendors through the glooms,
Where blinking Despots gorged with empires' blood,

O'er Freedom's desolated Temples nod!
Illustrious States! Who has not seen thy Sons,
Thy patriot Sons, in thousands; from the scenes
Of Opulence and sweet domestic bliss,
With pure unvenal ardor rushing forth
To fields of fellest danger—Not to war
With Foes magnanimous, of souls humane
And generous, who disdain to waste the blood,
And wound the pride of vanquished Combatants;
But Foes beneath whose ignominious arms,
The Babe, the Vestal and the Matron bleed.
Who has not seen thy free-born Heroes dare,
The Horrors of Barbarian Ambushment;
And uncomplaining, though with hunger pale,
And long without repose, through brumal storms,
Snow-covered Swamps of wearisome extent,
And wintry terrors of a howling Wild,
Intently toiling to encounter Fiends,
Unrighteous as ere ranged the Infernal glooms:
Ferocious Monsters; cruel as ere yell'd
For Victim's blood! Who has not seen thy Hosts
Those Monsters meet, and honor the high cause,
In which their generous bosoms freely bled.
Where is Columbia's son, whose eye can glance
O'er the bright page of their immortal deeds,
And not let fall a tear of extacy?
Who would not deem it honor to be call'd
A citizen of the same land, where lives

The patriot Warriors, Shelby, Harrison,
Desha, M'Arthur, Cass and Johnson: names
Imperishable as e'er were canonized,
On the illustrious rolls of Martyrdom!
Yes, noble sons of a Republic! Time,
When mingles with the dust of tombs, the heart
That now this humble meed of praise dictates;
Shall roll your glories brightening down his stream,
Till on Eternity's effulgent waves
They blaze, reflecting on your blissful souls
Beatitude perpetual. Nor are *they*,
The only Heroes of celebrious name,
Whose splendid Virtues shed sublime renown,
Upon those glorious States. A Clay, a Ball,
A Lewis and innumerous more, the Muse
Might call to adorn her page. But BEAUTY's claim
Demands her strain applausive and sincere.
If transports warm the hoary Veteran's heart
Who founded the Republics of the West,
To see their Sons engarlanded with Fame's
Unwithering laurels: Who shall tell what tides
Of deeper rapture swell his musing soul,
As he the odoriferous wreaths beholds
Of Virtue's richest flowers, which adorn
Their blooming Daughters—Well may Bravery shield
Their peerless Breasts: for Bravery wins their smiles;
While mean inglorious Dastardy receives
Their frowning scorn. What bosom does not burn
To bleed in Freedom's battles, when such Fair,

Their Brothers and their Lovers too exhort,
Their lives in her defence to jeopardize.
My patriotic Sisters of the West!
Accept this humble plaudit of a heart
That loves you dearly. High indeed the praise,
And happily received; could you approve
For Freedom's sake my unpresuming Song.
Oft through admiring Fancy's eye, I've seen
Your lilly fingers, form the Warrior's robe;
And sorely wounded with the piercing steel,
The honored garment with pure crimson stain;
Leaving expressive emblems of the Deeds
He should achieve; and symbols of the love
Your bosoms for the gallant soldier bore.
Oft too your tender bodings I have seen
And anxious Hopes; while undecided yet
Remained the destiny of those ye loved,
Your valiant Countrymen! Oh! when arrived
The agonizing tidings of defeat—
Of the *perfidious* Massacres that stained
With infamy a butchering foe; and tore
From many a noble head the streaming scalp;
Where fell those dearer far perhaps than life;
How were your anguished and indignant breasts
With keen and violent emotions pained:
But when the joyous news of Conquest came,
How changed your feelings; how divinely sweet;
How glowing then with thankful extacies!
And when the honored soldier home returned,

What kind, what tender welcomes ye bestowed!
How carefully his rankling wounds deterged;
And with attentions bland and smiles benign,
Rewarded all his dangers, pains and toils.—
This magic theme could long my Muse detain,
But lo! her desultorious song draws nigh
Its beckoning goal; and we, sweet Fair, must part!
Perennial as the charms of the rich land,
Whose healthful gales your honied breath perfumes,
May your bright Virtues bloom; to crown with bliss
The gallant Boone's the shields of Honors's shrine!
Who share the mild dominions of your Love,
And drive the Myrmidons of Tyrant thrones
From their ensanguined Cars. And ye pure States,
The Western Pillars of Columbia's Dome,
The Dome of Liberty! Still may ye stand
With glories of ten thousand Boones emblazed;
Sustaining with distinguished eminence
Your portion of the Edifice sublime;
While Kingdoms disappear in floods of gore
And Revolutions rock the reeking globe:
Yea, till the pageant Bubbles of the World
Are into dread Annihilation blown;
And Oceans, Suns and Spheres before the blaze
Of Heaven's avenging Anger, are consumed!——

# THE

# POWER

## OF

# VIRTUOUS

## *AND*

# *REFINED BEAUTY.*

WHAT moving charms fair Beauty's form invest,
When with divinest disposition blest!
When all the blooming tints and lillied hues,
Which kind creative Nature spreads profuse
In mingled Union, sweetly harmonize
With mental Grace, the darling of the skies.
When Angel mildness smooths the arching brow,
And gives the eye its love-inspiring glow;
Diffuses blushes o'er the dimpled cheek,
And tunes the lips in Orphean strains to speak.
What speechless transports melt the thrilling heart,
And Love's intencrating joys impart;
When Beauty's ears the themes of Scandal fly,

And hear with sympathy Affliction's sigh;
Attentive, hear the weeping Widow's moan,
The Orphan's sob and piteous feeble groan:
Oh, yes! it wakes in Man's cold flinty breast
The flame of Love, to see fair Beauty drest
In holy Virtue's purest robes of snow,
Yet warm at heart as Summer's ardent glow:
To see her soothing hand with melting grace,
The bitter tears of hopeless Woe efface;
And, like imbodied Mercy, hovering near
The heart that flutters on dread Death's fell spear;
With sweet Religion's peace-inspiring balm,
Diffusing through the Soul a holy calm;
With Charity's divinely grateful aid,
Bid Poverty's unfeeling arm be staid;
Subdue ferocious Hunger's gnawing rage,
And warm with joy the withered veins of age;
Spread beds of down upon the chilling floor,
And bid the shivering tenants quake no more.
'Tis Beauty thus adorned with seraph charms,
That purifies the stoic heart it warms;
That teaches Man's obdurate heart of steel,
The poignant thrills of hallow'd Love to feel.
Not such as the Coquetish Thing of Art
Attempts to kindle in the unyielding heart;
But that which sublimates the noble soul
And points its powers to some important goal;
That binds the heart with energetic ties,
To deeds of virtuous aim and proud emprise;

That predisposes every valiant mind,
To be humane, magnanimous and kind;
That gives to patriot zeal heroic fire,
And makes the daring Youth to Fame aspire;
That nerves the Warrior's arm with conquering power,
And makes him fearless bide the slaughtering hour.
If wounds should gash the Heroes manly breast,
And stain the plumage of his snowy crest;
He gives his blood a free-will Sacrifice
To Virtuous Beauty as a glorious price:
The only equal meritorious meed
For charms, for which a thousand breasts would bleed!
Though the red efflux drains the "fount of life,"
He towers still amid the clashing strife;
He launches Death amidst embattled Hosts,
And wrecks on waves of blood a thousand ghosts.
For in defence of blooming Virtue's rights,
Though wounded, still the bleeding Hero fights!
And should fierce Death arrest his proud career,
He nobly yields his breath without a fear!
For Justice, Beauty, Eloquence and Truth,
And all the sacred fires of amorous Youth,
His soul inspired, impel'd him forth to War,
And light his closing life with Hope's bright Star.
Thus with triumphant unexceeded sway,
Or in the blaze of Glory's conquering day,
Or in the dreadful Night of Death's dark gloom,
Sweet Beauty rules with *animating* bloom!
The greenest garland weaves for Conquest's brow,

And makes the proud, the lofty Monarch bow;
Illumes the darkness of the eternal wave,
And kindles glory in the solemn grave!

Through the dim regions of departed time,
Like monuments resplendently sublime,
Which spread their fulgour through the sombre air,
The names of many a wise and virtuous Fair,
With splendors immarcessible shall shine,
While Emulation's kindling flames divine,
The female world illumine and refine.
Through the Historic telescope, our eyes,
In distant Rome's corruption-clouded skies,
Mid Horror-glaring Meteors red with crimes,
O'er blood-assembled Seas of Tyrant times!
Mid satellites of Luxury and Power,
Behold a mildly brilliant Planet tower,
And keep her danger-crouded course unstain'd,
Though to the bloody Comet Nero, chain'd!
It is divine Octavia, whose soft light
Illumes the murkiest shades of heathen Night.
Her Virtue, Beauty and Refinement shed,
A radiance from whose power dark Demons fled;
And which, with jealous Malice they essayed,
To eclipse with Slander's fame-destroying shade.
E'en her imperial Husband's savage soul,
Was forced to feel their dominant control,
And the execution of his Hell-inspired design
Her taintless blood to spill, awhile decline.
'Tis true her seraph charms could not assuage,

The infamous Poppea's harpy rage;
Nor pitiful Tigellinus inspire,
With one warm glow of Feeling's noble fire:
But their confederate machinations failed,
To force from wretches on the stake impaled,
Sufficient evidence to stain the fame,
Of her whose life was pure as solar flame.
So influential on the public mind,
The charms of virtuous Beauty thus refined;
That when the imperial Tyrant's pityless power,
Hung o'er her harmless head with bloody lower,
And the fair Empress into exile hurled;
The indignation of an angered World,
Waked by the weeping Sufferer's cruel Woes,
In threatening murmurs round his throne arose;
Claiming the banished Innocent's recall,
And liberation from her captive thrall.
The monster's merciless mandate was repealed,
And her *impressive* Majesty revealed!
For, acclamations from a Nation's tongue,
As she returned, her joyous welcome rung.
The incensed Defenders of an injured breast,
Pull'd down the proud Poppea's rival crest;
Her statues tumbled headlong to the dust,
And call'd for vengeance on her crimes to burst;
Octavia's images with chaplets hung,
Bright feuillage and flowers around them flung;
Triumphant bore them through the sounding streets,
And placed them o'er the Temple's sacred seats.

Strong-visaged Labor sought the wine-crown'd board,
And viands rich and fruits the tables stored;
Loud peals of Joy the trembling breezes swell'd,
And care from every bosom was expel'd.
A Sovereign, o'er the ample city throned,
Festivity diffused her pleasures round:
'Till saturated with the vinous dew
Her Votaries from their sparkling boards withdrew;
Unapprehensive that fierce Fortune's frown,
So soon to Death would bring their Favorite down:
Or else their vigilance had never slept
Till from her life the threatening storm was swept.
The Rival Tigress stung with envious ire,
Inflamed again the Tyrant's slumbering fire:
Assassination, red with patriots' blood,
In readiness before the Monsters stood;
And fiercely at their Hell-inspired behest
His gory dagger plunged in her white Breast!
Again her influence o'er the public mind
Was evidenced by sorrows unconfined.
All Rome was wrap'd in melancholy Woe,
And weeping thousands felt their anguish flow.
Like the portentous rumblings which presage,
The mountain-swallowing Earthquake's bursting rage;
Indignant murmurs through the Nation ran,
And awed the Emperor and his fell Divan.
In every Nation and in every age,
Octavias brighten the Historic page.
In Grecian tablets, see fair Philas's name,

Engraved in capitals of brilliant fame.
In her what lustrous graces were conjoined!
What charms of Person, and what powers of Mind!
While yet a young and inexperienced Maid,
Great Antipater deigned to ask her aid.
In exigence and matters of emprise,
With her was wont to counsel and advise;
To her the powers juridical resigned,
And the great secrets of the State confined.
Afflicted Virtue, Innocence distress'd,
And Modesty by poverty oppress'd,
Her kindness and munificence engaged:
O'er them she wept and their keen woes assuaged.
The Macedonian Troops with faction wild,
At her approach grew orderly and mild;
Distraction, tumult, turbulence and ire,
And raging Insurrection's kindling fire;
As if by Fascination's magic sway,
Her harmonizing influence could allay.
To Rome's records again my Muse returns,
To sing a page that with bright glory burns!
'Tis her portrayed with such transcendant mien,
She sings; the lovely Palmyrenean Queen!
In Beauty Cleopatra's counterpart,
But her superior both in mind and heart.
Famed Odenathus well might feel her charms,
Or in the shade of love or blaze of arms.
Her cheeks of clear vermilion-tinted brown,
And bosom softer than the Cygnet's down;

Her voice of fine commanding melody,
Her lofty port and graceful dignity,
Her sloe-black genius-emanating eye,
And soul refined, magnanimous and high!
These well a Warrior Prince's heart might win,
And sway the blazing Battle's thundering din;
Might well the throne of Sovereignty adorn,
And life's inglorious occupations scorn.
Where in the page of past or present time,
Is found a sovereign's name less stained with crime
Or which to brighter ministerial fame,
And regal wisdom dare prefer a claim?
Arabia, Persia, and Armenia owned,
With her a potent Princess was enthroned;
Regarded her augmenting strength with awe,
And energy in all her measures saw:
Her martial skill with admiration view'd,
And for her Friendship and Protection sued:
Her counsel prudent, luminous, profound,
The Palmyrean prince with honors crowned;
Shed lustre through the Battle's blackening clouds,
And pointed Victory to his bleeding crouds!
Palmyra's Temples, Palaces and Towers,
In beaming pomp proclaimed Zenobia's powers.
Their crumbling vestiges and relicks grey,
E'en now her proud Magnificence display;
And to the curious Pilgrim's pausing eye,
Who lingering sadly round heaves many a sigh,
Present material Monuments sublime,

Of high-souled Beauty's triumph over time!
For numerous Centuries armed with steel and flame,
Have not destroyed the trophies of her Fame;
And when at length their last dim beam expires,
Her deeds shall live in History's deathless fires!
Her charms, by great Aurelian drawn,
Shall shine unchanged till Time's last glimpse is gone!
On Conquest's tide with bannered sails unfurl'd,
The dread and wonder of a warring world!
With fierce intrepid legions at his will,
That haughty Emperor own'd Zenobia's skill;
Confess'd his fears of her well-managed might,
Invoked the Gods to aid him in the Fight,
And doubtful of the Conflict's final fate,
In vain attempted to capitulate.
The Queen indignantly his proffers spurn'd,
And bold defiance to his threats return'd;
To accept his proposition to retreat,
Though liberal, she regarded as defeat;
Nor till the accession of resistless Hosts,
Confirmed Aurelian's angry boasts,
With vengeance menaced her beleaguered bands,
And proved his power to enforce his fierce commands;
Did her sublime unconquered spirits sink:
'Twas prudent *then* to fly from Ruin's brink.
In haste she fled; but with electric speed,
Was overtaken by many a mounted steed;
Arrested on the banks of Euphrates,

And, sagely sad in dignified distress;
With majesty of mien and lofty head,
Back to the proud exulting Emperor led.
At length the Conqueror's glorious Victories o'er,
He left the land of carnage, death and gore;
And back to great imperial Rome return'd,
Where Conquest's altars blazed and bonfires burn'd;
Where trumpets peal'd and acclamations rung;
Where arches shone, with rich festoons o'erhung;
And all a City's gorgeous charms unveil'd,
The grand Aurelian's glorious *entry* hail'd.
'Twas vanquished Beauty's powerful splendors shed,
Such blazing honors round the Conqueror's head:
'Twas not the captive Tetricus that crowned,
His brilliant fame and waked the applauding sound;
It was the achievement of the immortal deed,
Which from Zenobia's power the Emperor freed.
A deed whose glory now to celebrate,
In all the grandeur of triumphant state,
The vast preparatory rites begin,
And Rome's wide regions tremble with the din!
The morn of Triumph dawns. The trumpets sound,
And mingled music sprightly and profound;
Transporting, martial, mellow, dulcet, gay,
Salutes with spreading notes the exultant day.
A thousand portals are unfolded wide;
The streets are deluged with the peopled tide;
The pavements tremble with thick-thundering tread;
And incense on the fragrant gales is spread.

In richest pride, by mettled Chargers drawn,
Careering Chariots gild the dusky dawn;
On Victory's altars slaughtered bullocks bleed,
And their ascending fat by fire is freed:
With thankful pæans the great temples sound,
And Mars beholds with gold his statues crowned.
The proud processionary order plan'd,
The march began obedient to command;
The slow-advancing van in victor show,
Displayed the furry lords of Northern snow;
The gentler natives of the milder East;
And every kind of huge and swarthy Beast,
That roams beneath the blaze of torrid skies.
There gleamed the royal Tigers' threatening eyes;
And ponderous Elephants with heavy peace,
In the grand Phalanx held the front-rank place.
Lo! next in order to the wild menage,
Are the actors on the gladiatorial stage:
A savage-hearted, fierce, inhuman Host!
To sport with blood their trade, their pride, their boast!
To these succeed the ambassadorial train,
A splendid link in the triumphal chain;
On embassy from various realms they came,
Where endless Winters blow or Summers flame;
Or where those raging uncontrolled extremes,
Usurp no sway o'er Phœbus' milder beams.
In richest variegated robes arrayed,
The tastes of different Kingdoms they displayed;
To proud Aurelian's pomp, their own combined,

And in the general praise, their plaudits join'd.
The Captives next of many a conquered State,
Proceed with saddened air and sullen gait;
In humble-crested, long-extended ranks,
Alemmani Sarmatians, Syrians, Franks,
Egyptians, Vandals, Goths and Gauls proclaim,
The victories that emblaze the Emperor's fame.
In the sublime procession now appears,
The captive Queen; her cheeks impearl'd with tears,
Her graceful limbs with golden chains compress'd,
Her languid head hung drooping o'er her breast;
With splendid jewels decked her vestments shone,
In brighter blaze than when she graced the throne.
That peerless form which Princes had admired;
Whose charms, with love, proud conquering Chieftains fired,
Which once had fierce embattled armies led,
And worn the palm where wounded thousands bled;
Now under loads of gold and diamonds bowed,
To catch the gaze of an admiring croud;
To swell the grandeur of the proud display,
And give more glory to the Conqueror's sway;
*That form*, now vanquished, humbled and disgraced,
Whose beauteous neck a golden chain embraced,
Held and supported by a menial's hand,
Was forced to bear *Submission's public* brand!
Next in the grand processionary line
The vanquished Sovereigns' sumptuous Chariots shine.
Now, blazing in their splendor-flashing rear,
Behold the Conqueror's kingly Car appear!

Its sculptured wheels adorned with glittering gold,
In triumph once for Gothic Kings had roll'd!
High on its sparkling seat the victor shone,
In pomp elate, conspicuous and alone!
Four antler-crowned Stags with frontlets high,
To harness trained beneath the Emperor's eye,
In stately elegance his chariot drew,
And snuff'd with nostrils spread the odorous dew;
Gazed wondering on the unwonted croud,
And wildly hearkened to its plaudits loud:
With animation listened to the music's strains,
And pranced responsive to the gingling chains.
Proud Statesmen next in flowing purple stoled,
Illumed with blazing gems and stars of gold;
With haughty air in the slow march advance,
Oft throwing o'er the Chief an envious glance.
To them promiscuous multitudes succeed,
And give the Conqueror his deserved meed;
The Castle-towers with acclamations shake,
And make the marble-pillar'd temples quake;
Their shining beavers circled through the air,
While maids and matrons joined the rapturous cheer.
The mighty legions now in marshalled rows,
The great magnificent procession close:
Like some broad sea beneath red westering Sol,
Whose sun-top'd waves in shade and splendor roll;
The armor-gleaming columns dark and bright,
Slow moved with measured step and crests upright;

All cap-a-pee in warlike metal mail'd,
As when their strength the embattled foe assailed.
Their battered, blood-died breast-plates, trench'd with scars,
Evinced their valor in the field of Mars;
Their brazen bucklers' dimly gleaming beams,
Sword-sculptured dints, and javelin-furrowed seams,
Their veteran-visaged helms, and gore-stained plumes,
Told that their arms had furnished food for tombs!
Steel-pointed pilums lofty, ponderous, bright,
Tip'd with the ascending Sun's quick-glancing light,
High o'er their towering crested helmets spire,
And flash in air like streams of vivid fire.
Long silver-cover'd pikes aloft in air,
The Empire's golden-pictured Eagles bear;
Aurelian's rich embellished image too,
In graphic elegance waves high to view;
And consecrated portraits drawn in gold,
For Chiefs whose Cars o'er conquered realms had roll'd;
For Claudius, Cæsar, and Augustus! names,
*Enduring* as the Danube or the Thames;
In awful pomp on floating canvass blazed.
Strewn round, the Emblems of proud Empires razed,
With Painture's potent eloquence proclaimed,
How alpine Kingdoms fell and cities flamed;
How Temples, Castles, Palaces, and Thrones,
Defiled with floods of blood and wrecks of bones,
In ruin round the carnaged globe were spread,
And piled o'er armies slain and princes dead;
As those tremendous Victors swiftly hurled

Their sweeping devastations through the world.
To crown the splendors of the august display,
Magnific spoils enrich'd the grand array;
Each conquered region's captured banner waved
To mark its former Chieftain now enslaved.
There Monarchs' crowns and vanquish'd Warriors' [helms,
The arms and regal ensigns of fallen realms;
There Asia's wealth in bright profusion shone,
And poured a blaze ere then to Rome unknown.
Here in sublime disorder, mingled dies
Of various-tinted diamonds dim the eyes;
There in methodic symmetry disposed,
Bright tons of golden plate their flames disclosed.
Arranged amid the various spoils were seen,
The sumptuous vestments of the Syrian Queen;
Rich flowing silks the pride of Eastern looms,
Resplendent coiffures deck'd with gorgeous plumes;
Embroidered cambrics, finely figured lawn,
On which each flower that scents the summer's dawn,
In variegated imitation blows,
And o'er the woof its mimic radiance throws.
Deep-crimsoned robes with snowy ermine edged,
Like plumes with which the bright Flamingo's fledged,
Effused around their richly flaming rays,
And seemed consuming in a scarlet blaze.
As, through the assembled legions of that day,
Aurelian's pomp revealed its bright display;
So, tempest-conquering Sol, his victory o'er,
And Winter's warring whirlwinds ceased to roar;

Superbly blazing in triumphal state,
Throws widely ope the oriental gate;
Ascends with majesty the throne of Spring,
While hills with songs resound and forests ring;
And from the zenith of successful pride,
Diffuses o'er the world his splendid tide;
Wakes gladness 'mong the votaries of his reign,
And hears his praise proclaimed o'er land and main!
Whence all this proud exuberence of shew?
Was it to laud Zenobia's *overthrow?*
Oh surely not; it was to celebrate
The *achievements* which reduced her royal *state;*
The valor, skill, and Kingdom-conquering might,
Which sealed Aurelian's glory in the fight;
Which nathless her high power-controlling charms,
Her Prudence, Wisdom, Genius and proud Arms,
Triumphant bore her opposition down,
Demolished her bright throne and siezed her crown!—
What eminent eulogium on her name,
That an illustrious Emperor draws his fame,
His highest fame from an ascendant power,
His Hosts gained o'er her in a prosperous hour!
But yet unsung the strongest proof remains,
Of her high influence. For when wrap'd with chains,
And led on foot before the Monarch's Car,
Mid Conquest's vocal hum and rattling jar;
A melancholy Captive drooping, faint,
Sublimely sorrowing, without groan or plaint,
Her languid loveliness and beaming grace,

Her half-concealed soul-expressive face,
Her humbled majesty and withering pride,
Attracting every eye; she cast a cloud,
O'er the high spirits of the splendid croud;
With softening sympathy's vibrations shook,
Their hearts' stern nerves and gloomed their gaysome look;
With pitying admiration and respect,
Their bosoms swell'd, and cheeks with tears bedeck'd.
Beneath the tender shower and woe-shed damp,
The flame was dim'd in Victory's golden lamp;
The sparkling drops that trickled from her eyes,
Half drown'd the Conqueror's pomp-displaying dies,
And vanquish'd Empire seem'd temptation small,
For which to doom so great a Queen to fall!
But when the pomp rose through the imperial dome,
Still tenderer throbs shook the proud pulse of Rome!
'Twas Pity's impulse at the expected fate,
Which seemed the unhappy Princess to await.
For by the practice of Aurelian's time,
To punish Usurpation's daring crime,
The Victor's vengeance, fraught with *cruel* pride,
Poured not at once its anger-flaming tide;
But first its scalding, scorn-imbitter'd rills,
Slow o'er the victim's naked head distils;
Then from the summit of triumphal power,
The sounding Capitol's stupendous tower!
Its wrathful floods precipitately sweep,
And whelm the Captive in the eternal deep!
Such was the frightful fate Zenobia fear'd;

But e'en Aurelian's heart was not so seared,
So dead to the fine feelings of the soul,
As to disclaim her charms' divine control.
The imperial Fabric's crimson throne was gain'd,
Anticipated death her life-strings pained,
Commiserating thousands wept around,
At every breath expecting the dread sound,
The annunciation of the dire decree,
Which was to doom her to Eternity!
Before the throne the Conqueror bade her stand,
And frowning as to give the death-command,
Announced her pardon! and with royal tone
Bade her respect his laws and sovereign throne;
Directed manumission from her chains,
And granted her the PRIDE of his domains;
A sweetly-blooming, sylvan paradise,
Perfumed by gales impregn'd with odorous spice;
A lovely Villa where the honored Queen,
Reposed through life upon a flowery green!—
In modern tomes of Poesy divine,
And History sage the powers of Beauty shine:
A cluster consecrate to Virtue's cause,
Of Female names, e'en now demand applause,
E'en now applause receive; e'en now illume,
With Wisdom's beams the deeps of mental gloom.
A Carter, Seward, Williams and a More,
Adorn the world with Learning's splendid lore.
Shall not Columbia's charming flowerets vie
With those that bloom beneath Britannia's sky?

They shall. Already their rich petals spread,
And o'er the land a dulcet fragrance shed;
Soon will their spirit-breathing beauties flush
Columbia's cheek with Science' sweetest blush.
Shall not Virginia's lovely Daughters share,
Coequal fame with Freedom's worthiest Fair?
They shall: for lo! where yon Collegial ground,
With the Anne Smith Academy is crowned;
A pledge is seen that Erudition's power,
Shall *here* exalt the charms of Beauty's Bower.
Ye friends of Liberty and virtuous Laws,
Of Science, and Religion's sacred cause;
Who feel what sway the female soul refined,
Can exercise o'er the great PUBLIC MIND;
Extend a free, a kind supporting hand,
To that sublimest fabric of our land;
Its generous Founders' grand exertions aid,
And rear yourselves a name that ne'er shall fade.
Ye Fathers, Mothers, Guardians of the Fair,
Oh make their *minds*, their deathless *minds* your care!
Give *them* to improve, to polish and enlarge,
Beneath that Institution's nurturing charge.
On Beauty's cheek, there a salubrious clime
Implants a rose that braves the blasts of Time:
There *scenery* sweet, magnificent and gay,
Controls the feelings with benignest sway;
And social manners there refined and pure,
Those charms impart which e'en through life endure.
There HYBERT, Literature's fair Handmaid weaves,

Intwined with odorous Virtue's virent leaves,
Perennial garlands for each Vestal's brows,
Who in her academial Temple bows.
With transport the predictive Muse divines,
That from that Temple's scientific shrines,
Its Votaries will in trains successive rise,
For life prepared, and blooming for the skies;
Exhibiting to Man's admiring mind,
The powers of BEAUTY VIRTUOUS AND REFINED.

## ERRATA.

*A few typographical errors may be discerned, which escaped notice in the progress of the work through the Press: the following only, it is believed, affect the sense. On page* 44, *line* 882—when *should be read* whom. *On page* 78, *line* 754—*the name* Edwin *should be* Melville, *and the same alteration is necessary, page* 79, *line* 786. *On page* 91; *line* 183—*in some copies*, midnight *should be changed to* midway.

b A 3 3 fA

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

REC'D LD-URL
QL APR 1 8 1994
MAR 2 8 1994

REC'D LD-URL
QL OCT 17 1994
REC'D LD-URL
MAY 24 1994
MAY 24 1994

University of California, Los Angeles
L 006 209 660 7

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 001 372 621 1

Univ
Sc
L